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AUG 9

PERIODICALS DEPARTMENT

EDITORIAL

TAX THE BIG CASINO

Instead of trying to cut a deal with President Bush on a capital gains tax cut, Congressional Democrats should revive an idea proposed by John Maynard Keynes: a tax on securities transactions. A levy of 1 percent on stock trades would have raised $16 billion in 1988—double the subsidized housing budget—almost all of it paid by the very rich.

As Keynes argued in one of his most famous passages, when securities markets work too well the rest of the economy suffers: "Speculators may do no harm as bubbles on a steady stream of enterprise. But the position is serious when enterprise becomes the bubble on a whirlpool of speculation. When the capital development of a country becomes a by-product of the activities of a casino, the job is likely to be ill-done." A transfer tax would help by making the casino "inaccessible and expensive."

The capital gains tax reduction is supposed to stimulate economic activity. Clap your hands if you believe in fairies and supply-side economics. No, Virginia, there is no Santa Claus. All the cut will do is pump-prime the Wall Street economy—which is just what we don't need right now (see Keynes). According to Lawrence Summers, the Harvard University economist, and Victoria Summers, a tax attorney, Wall Street cost the U.S. economy more than $75 billion in 1987 (an amount equal to about half of all U.S. corporate investment). Most of this expenditure is a total waste. About the only kind of economic activity Wall Street has financed in the 1980s has been asset-stripping and leveraged buyouts.

Keynes suggested some far more radical things—like greater public control over investment and the "euthanasia of the rentier"—that could do with some reviving as well. A tax on speculation would be a nice start. Better that than Bush's warmed-over supply-siderism.

ART AND TAXPAYERS
Arthur C. Danto

THE BATPLANE
David Corn
Jefferson Morley

HUD SCANDAL LESSONS
Peter Dreier

SPECTER OF CAPITALISM
Daniel Singer

THE KURDS
Jill Hamburg

THE AMERICAN GAME
Peter Schrag

SECRETS OF THE DEKE HOUSE

IN THE BONDS OF FRATERNITY

ROBIN WARSHAW

The theft of a few ledger books filled with personal jottings would be unlikely to spark a police investigation in most places. But in the tiny village of Hamilton, New York, where two shopliftings at the Busy Bee convenience store might be considered a crime wave, the ledger-book incident in April triggered a local police probe. It also forced the town's main industry—as Colgate University likes to call itself—to face the threat posed by an unsavory fraternity scene badly at odds with the school's lofty intellectual mission.

The ledgers in question belonged to the college's oldest fraternity, Delta Kappa Epsilon, or DKE (pronounced "Deke"), and were surreptitiously removed by persons unknown from a windowless building called the DKE Temple. Photocopied excerpts were then sent to university administrators, faculty and the press. The material was so repellent—racist, sexist, boastful about sexual degradations and hazings, and crammed with passages reflecting the group's mania for secrecy—that student rallies were held in protest. The fraternity's defenders complained about the theft rather than the ledgers' content. DKE members have remained virtually silent publicly (the chapter president declined my request for an interview).

On Colgate's campus, the incident quickly snowballed into a debate about Greek-letter groups at the 170-year-old school, where about 55 percent of the 2,700 students belong to

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LETTERS.

SWIPE AT SWAPO

Windhoek, Namibia

It must be extremely tiresome for Alexander Cockburn to have to wave his liberal credentials so relentlessly ["Beat the Devil," May 1], even when it means having to reflexively leap to the defense of Swapo president Sam Nujoma, who, after twenty-three years of waging what was perhaps the most incompetent and ineffectual guerrilla war of liberation in history, either callously or foolishly—perhaps both—sent hundreds of his brave young fighters to their deaths on April 1 in an attempt to support the myth that the Boers withdrew from Namibia as a result of Swapo's armed struggle.

Even though Angola's Marxist President, Jose Eduardo dos Santos, and the Soviet Union's Deputy Foreign Minister Anatoly Adamishin are included among those who have criticized Swapo's cross-border incursion, Cockburn says it never happened. Why in the world, Cockburn asks, would Swapo fighters invade Namibia on April 1 when six months later they could return peacefully and claim their right to leadership of the territory?

Could the answer to Cockburn's question be that just six months before a Namibian election, Nujoma simply couldn't bear to sit on the sidelines while the South Africans withdrew from Namibia not as the result of a Swapo armed struggle that never quite got off the ground but as a result of a peace agreement brokered on the outside, by outsiders, to get the Cubans out of Angola?

Anyone who has spent any time in northern Namibia's Ovamboland and has seen at first hand the murderous and ruthless efficiency of the [South African] Army's 101 Battalion and the Koevoet counterinsurgency forces knows that there were no Swapo bases there to which the infiltrators could "report" on April 1, and that for years Swapo guerrillas had been forced to limit their presence inside Namibia to overnight hit-and-run forays across the frontier or standoff mortar bombardments, in which even then they became piteous targets of a brutal turkey shoot by the South Africans.

The question Cockburn leaves unanswered is why Nujoma thought for one minute that his fighters who crossed the border on April 1 would have the protection of Untag peacekeeping forces when everyone in Namibia—including the leaders of the internal, legal political wing of Swapo with whom he talks all the time—knew that no Untag forces had been deployed yet in the north, and that the only forces up there at the time were the 101 Battalion and Koevoet lying in wait?

William Claiborne
Southern Africa correspondent
The Washington Post

COCKBURN REPLIES

Los Angeles

I know the political culture of *The Washington Post* is pretty conservative these days, but even so it's a bit startling to find my disinclination to believe South African propaganda (as administered to the international press corps in Windhoek) labeled as evidence of dreaded "liberal credentials." Big Vic issues credentials so mangy that anyone to whom I've ever showed my *Nation* press card thinks it's a supermarket coupon; but I've carefully written "Socialist Credentials" on it, just so there won't be any misunderstanding.

William Claiborne seems to read these South African press releases with more attention than he did my prose. Of Swapo's border crossing he writes, "Cockburn says it never happened," which is odd, since my entire column was based on the fact that it had. I devoted much space to a careful explanation of why members of Swapo were legally entitled to return home on April 1, with a peaceful intent that was conceded by U.N. Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar in his confidential report dated April 3. This is something Claiborne avoids discussing in his letter, which consists mostly of abuse of Swapo, a piece of journalistic "bias" this supposedly objective reporter from the corporate mainstream has no hesitation in revealing. I also referred to the absence of the promised Untag reception points and to the slaughter visited on some 300 people (in this particular incident) by South African troops inside Namibia.

What I did not accept was Claiborne's definition—one obviously much favored by the South African briefing officers—of the homecoming by Swapo people as an "invasion" or "incursion" performed by infiltrators. Such a definition effectively denies Namibians their sovereign rights, justifies South Africa's claims and obscures the true nature of what happened on April 1, which was that South Africa ambushed the returning Namibians, executing many of them at close range, and then, with the assistance of correspondents like Claiborne and Christopher Wren of *The New York Times*, framed Swapo. To their credit there were a few British journalists who made some effort to find out what was actually going on and to describe the appalling role played by the United Nations' man in Windhoek, Martti Ahtisaari.

Angola's President dos Santos was party to the peace accords agreed to by Angola, Cuba and South Africa, brokered under U.S. auspices, which linked Namibian independence with Cuban troop withdrawals, thereby rendering such independence hostage to a whole range of external maneuvers and bargains, and which did so without the formal participation of Swapo. So dos Santos has every reason to blame the accord's failure in this area on the one party that was powerless to influence it—Swapo. Similarly, a Soviet Union brandishing its new "de-ideologized" foreign policy has every reason to blame the victim in this case, since its agreement in the U.N. Security Council to reduce funds for the Untag mission contributed considerably to the ensuing carnage.

Claiborne writes that "anyone who has spent any time in northern Namibia's Ovamboland . . . knows that there were no Swapo bases there to which the infiltrators could 'report' on April 1." I said nothing about Swapo bases, referring instead to "'bases' under U.N. protection." But he might decently show some modesty here, having managed to avoid anything more than an occasional visit to northern Namibia and filing all but three of his numerous Namibian dispatches since April 1 from the confines of the capital, Windhoek. In the past three and a half months his paper has been largely silent on the subject of South Africa's counterinsurgency squad Koevoet, now incorporated into the national police, which continues its butchery upon Namibian civilians, several dozen of whom have been injured or killed since the April massacre. Claiborne seems to assume, incidentally, that the returning Swapo guerrillas advanced in formation, on strict orders relayed via a sophisticated communications network, rather than wandering across the border with only the vaguest idea of where they might encounter the U.N. reception points.

Not departing from its habitual international mode, U.S. reporting from Namibia last spring was mostly credulous and lazy and based on assumptions so skewed to the right that daily reporting inside South Africa was radical by comparison. Arriving at the same time as Claiborne's letter was an interesting one from Jeffrey Vogel, columnist with the *Ithaca Times*, comparing North American coverage with that of *The Johannesburg Star*. In contrast to *The Washington Post* or *The New York Times*, which furiously denounced Swapo for brazen infiltration, the editorialist in *The Star* (April 4) attributed Swapo's presence in Namibia to "poor communications," being "misinformed" or even Swapo's sincere belief that "it was entitled to bring armed men to assembly points within Namibia" (a view that turned out to be perfectly valid). *The Star* never doubted who represented Namibia, and ran a long article April 12 headlined "Swapo likely to win November poll." On April 26 *The Star* carried a detailed article about a South African Defense Force attack on a Namibian village, its armored troop carriers flattening huts with people inside them and its soldiers randomly shooting

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EDITORIALS.

Farce in Namibia

The integrity of the November elections in Namibia is seriously in doubt, according to a little-publicized report issued by the Commission on Independence for Namibia, a project of the Lawyers' Committee for Civil Rights Under Law. The commission found:

§ Terrorism and intimidation of potential voters is widespread, much of it carried out by the notorious white paramilitary organization Koevoet ("Crowbar"), which has been integrated into the national police force. U.N. Secretary General Javier Pérez de Cuéllar and the U.S. State Department have already complained to Pretoria about the group's activities.

§ The administrative machinery put in place by the South African government to run the elections will permit fraud and manipulation. The system of voter registration is chaotic and the South African civil servants who administer it are hostile toward blacks. Would-be voters may sign up in any part of the country, rather than just in their home districts, thus preventing challenges by local residents of unqualified voters and opening the way for South Africa to pack the rolls with outsiders. Finally, the list of voters will not be available until after registration is com-

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plete, making challenges of ineligible voters impossible.

§ Most serious of all, the United Nations has been ineffectual. The U.N. Transition Assistance Group is unable to deal with the intimidation already taking place, so it can hardly be expected to carry out its responsibilities to guarantee free and fair elections in the fall.

If the elections are to be an honest expression of the will of the Namibian people, the United Nations must play a much stronger role than it has up to now, and the Security Council should take drastic measures to give its agents in Namibia more power. (While critical of Koevoet's involvement, Pérez de Cuéllar appears satisfied with an electoral process others have called "explosive.") Indeed, the United Nations should set up permanent machinery for monitoring elections and plebiscites in other parts of the world.

The situation in Namibia, where fair elections represent the best chance for peace—and now the fate of Lieut. Col. William R. Higgins in Lebanon—remind us once again of the importance of the United Nations and a global legal order. Whether international action could have averted the latest hostage crisis is beside the point: The obvious lesson of the affair is the futility of unilateral action. Taking hostages has done nothing to advance the cause of the oppressed peoples of the world, while retaliation, whether by snatching more hostages or by demonstrations of force, only engenders hatred and further violence.

For too long, U.S. foreign policy has been held hostage by the U.N.-bashers, the Third World-haters, the surgical-strike boys. Rather than solemnly reviewing the Pentagon's list of military "options," each more dismal than the last, the President and his advisers—in addition to addressing the underlying injustices that drive people to take hostages—should opt for the only course that makes sense in a violent, crowded world: the building of an international legal order. That would better honor the life of a member of the U.N. peacekeeping forces.

Art and Taxpayers

The Corcoran Gallery's pre-emptive decision in June to cancel a planned exhibition of Robert Mapplethorpe's photographs in order to forestall Congressional indignation at their content brought far greater notoriety to the now-famous images than showing them would have. Many of the same photographs of men who engage in the sexual domination of other willing men were presented at the Whitney Museum in New York City last year to no greater stir than some isolated tongue-clucking and wonderment as to what the museum thought it was doing. Indeed, *The Nation* was nearly alone in drawing attention to the homoerotic content of those explicit images in a show whose works conveyed a homoerotic sensibility whatever the subject, even when flowers or faces [see Danto, "Art," September 26, 1988]. The issue that had to be raised was how to respond to such charged representations in works of the highest photographic beauty. Mapplethorpe was still alive, although his sickness with AIDS was common knowledge in the art world, and that gave a certain solemn urgency to the showing of those sexually unsettling pictures. It was Mapplethorpe's wish that they be shown, as if he regarded them as an artistic testament.

The position of many neoconservatives is that this is not the kind of art taxpayers want to support. Hilton Kramer advanced this view in *The New York Times* recently. And this is now the position of the United States Senate—as a result of the July 26 passage of Jesse Helms's amendment banning Federal support for "obscene or indecent" art. But the issue could not be more obscurely framed. It is imperative to distinguish taxpayers from individuals who pay taxes, as we distinguish the uniform from the individual who wears it. As individuals, we have divergent aesthetic preferences. Kramer has little interest in supporting art that others find of great interest. But aesthetic preference does not enter into the concept of the taxpayer, which is a civic category. What does enter into it is freedom. It is very much in the interest of every taxpayer that freedom be supported, even—or especially—in its most extreme expressions. However divided individuals are on matters of taste, freedom is in the interest of every citizen. The taxpayer does not support one form of art and withhold support from another as a taxpayer, except in the special case of public art. The taxpayer supports the freedom to make and show art, even when it is art of a kind this or that *individual* finds repugnant.

Mapplethorpe did not make these photographs to test his freedoms. They are disturbing images for many, exciting images for some, but were not intended to strike a blow for artistic liberty (though perhaps for sexual liberty). They very much belong to an intersection of the art world and a certain erotic underground, and they have never been easy to view. The Whitney demonstrated that they could be shown to a wide audience without inducing riots.

Although there may never come a time when one can look at their subjects as commonplace, like female nudes or landscapes or still lifes, these works contrast completely with the now-also-notorious photograph by Andres Serrano of a plastic Jesus in a pool of pee. They contrast as well with the recent gesture, by a senior at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago, of laying a U.S. flag on the floor in a student exhibition so that visitors found it necessary to walk on it. Both works were intended to offend, and did offend. People responded indignantly and directly, by confrontations, demonstrations, protests. It would have been absurd to argue that they ought not to have done this on the ground that the objects were art. Art has the privileges of freedom only because it is a form of expression. And to be seriously interested in making an expression is to be seriously prepared to endure the consequences of making it. It is also not an offense to counter outrage with outrage. On the contrary, it is taking art seriously to do so. One cannot distance the flag and think of it as an arresting composition of stars and bars. One cannot distance one of the powerful religious symbols of the West and view a derogatory photograph of it merely as a formal composition.

It is healthy for art to vacate the position of pure aestheticism in which conservative critics seek to imprison it,

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and to try to affect the way viewers respond to the most meaningful matters of their lives. It is healthy for the museum to play a role in the life of its time rather than to stand outside as a cloister for aesthetic delectations. Art has been primarily aesthetic only throughout a very brief interval of its history of political, moral and religious engagement. As taxpayers our interest is solely in everyone's freedom to participate in the thought of the age.

Whatever grave reservations regarding Congress may have motivated the directors of the Corcoran, they weakened the entire social fabric by yielding their freedom. Their decision should have been to show the work, whose merit they must have believed in to have scheduled the exhibition. Since then individual members of Congress have revealed themselves as enemies of freedom by letting their aesthetic attitudes corrupt their political integrity as custodians of the deepest values of a democratic society. ARTHUR C. DANTO

Arthur C. Danto is art critic of The Nation.

No Sanctuary

Last month the Senate voted to increase by 140,000 the number of visas given annually to highly trained, mostly Western European immigrants. This followed by only a few weeks the deportation hearing for José, a 16-year-old Honduran who had once been arrested, beaten, interrogated and threatened with death by the Honduran Security Police after taking part in a student demonstration. In a twenty-minute hearing at a detention center in southern Texas, José, who had not been provided with an attorney or allowed to explain why he had fled Central America, was denied political asylum in the United States. José is a victim of the Bush Administration's declaration of war against Central American refugees.

On February 20, the Immigration and Naturalization Service implemented a plan to "stem the flow of frivolous asylum claims." Whereas under the Reagan Administration applicants for asylum were released on their own recognizance, the new I.N.S. policy, developed in consultation with the Justice Department, mandates that asylum applicants be given brief hearings and then summarily detained if their requests are denied, as the vast majority are.

Now, with thousands of refugees being detained or already deported, two new reports reveal that the I.N.S. is perpetrating massive human rights violations. Helsinki Watch's "Detained, Denied, Deported: Asylum Seekers in the United States" and a report by Rio Grande Valley Watch paint a harrowing portrait of I.N.S. detention facilities in southern Texas. The reports reveal that the I.N.S. centers there are overcrowded, unsanitary and inhumane. According to "Rio Grande Valley Watch Report" there is "a lack of ventilation and privacy, some unsanitary dining conditions and, at one center, the possibility of pesticide contamination."

Perhaps even more disturbing is the systematic denial of due process to refugees seeking political asylum. About 80 percent of the refugees are unrepresented by legal counsel. José is one of the lucky ones: Proyecto Libertad, a pro bono law office, has taken his case and helped win his release while it pursues an appeal on his behalf. For the thousands of other refugees that Proyecto Libertad or the other overworked refugee assistance organizations are unable to help, however, "Rio Grande Valley Watch Report" found that conditions of detention "restrict access to documentation and evidence, such as testimony of witnesses, that is necessary to prove that a refugee's fear of persecution is 'well founded.'" Many refugees don't follow through on their applications simply out of hopelessness and frustration brought on by being detained under horrid conditions.

Both reports agree that these conditions are intentional and systematic, not aberrations. Indeed, Helsinki Watch contends that current I.N.S. policies "not only make a mockery of the spirit of national and international refugee law but also directly violate the [1980 U.S.] Refugee Act and the U.N. Refugee Convention." If properly applied, these would allow the Central American refugees to stay in the country. Although the law outlines the government's responsibility to political refugees, it permits the United States to control the number of immigrants seeking economic opportunity.

The Bush Administration, like the Reagan Administration before it, says that most Central American refugees are "economic migrants." But even Central Americans who have not been personally singled out for persecution are fleeing war-torn economies. When Nicaraguan or Salvadoran *campesino* families flee to the United States after their crops have been burned by the *contras* or the National Guard, or because they cannot get enough to eat, they are escaping conditions created by U.S. foreign policy as surely as are overtly political refugees like José.

So, as the House of Representatives begins its deliberations on legislation to open U.S. borders to more Western Europeans, it should also consider legislation to expand the definition of refugee status to include all people who are fleeing war zones. This was one of the goals of the 1951 Geneva Convention concerning refugees, and many African and Central American countries have already implemented this standard. The United States should follow the Third World's lead and provide shelter for all refugees, not just opportunity for thousands of upscale immigrants from Europe. TRISTAN READER

Tristan Reader has worked with the Sanctuary movement along the U.S.-Mexican border and writes on refugee issues.

MICHAEL HARRINGTON

We mourn the death of Mike Harrington, national co-chair of the Democratic Socialists of America, *Nation* contributor, friend. An article discussing his life and thought will appear in a future issue.

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BEAT THE DEVIL.

Now Starring 'President Bush'

There's been a tremendous flap about ABC's simulated footage of the supposed passage of information from a U.S. diplomat to a K.G.B. agent. This serves the same function as the tiny corrections that newspapers run each day, suggesting that all the other stories in yesterday's edition were true. Almost everything on network news is simulated and has been for years. Trained actors known as "the President," "Secretary of State" and so forth go before the cameras and act out carefully prepared scripts intended to demonstrate that everything is under control. In the early days of television a disclaimer was attached to such coverage, explaining that what the viewers had just been watching was not true but merely a well-intentioned effort to show how the country was being governed by the real President, who of course was too busy to give hours of his day to these charades.

Gradually the disclaimers were discontinued, and now the public has got so used to the actors that the people really running the country must do so in complete secrecy, lest the shock of their appearance cause civic unrest.

Recently "President Bush" went to Eastern Europe, and even the White House press corps, who loyally connive at the fiction that "President Bush" is in charge, were hard put to account for the lackluster reception he received in Warsaw, Gdansk and Budapest. On July 10, John Cochran of NBC News reported that in Warsaw Bush "waded into some welcoming crowds, which were smaller than expected, certainly not the tens of thousands White House aides had predicted. . . . The President's first full day in Poland was eventful but a little short on emotion. That could also change tomorrow, when he travels to Gdansk."

In Warsaw, harrowed stage managers of the traveling White House revue frankly conceded to reporters that the crowds were bad, suggesting that Polish audiences had become blasé since the world premiere of the Polish Spring of Mrs. Thatcher not long before. The following evening, after "Bush" had played in Gdansk, then in Budapest, the troupe's P.R. man Marlin Fitzwater announced that at Gdansk there had been a "tumultuous reception . . . an outpouring of hope and faith."

The press corps did its best. Cochran told NBC viewers that "the President's last day in Poland was his best. The crowds in Gdansk were much bigger and more enthusiastic than in Warsaw. White House estimates of up to a quarter of a million seem inflated. But tens of thousands did turn out to see the first American President in Gdansk."

This was a bit stinted, though not as labored as Charles Powers's explanation to *Los Angeles Times* readers of why few had bothered with "President Bush" in Warsaw: "If some travelers in the presidential party expressed puzzlement that crowds for the Bush visit seemed curiously small in the Polish capital, a partial explanation might be that so many Poles were otherwise occupied at the U.S. embassy, waiting in line for visas."

The foreign press was less kind. Simon Hoggart of *The Observer* in London wrote that "the crowds were sparse and often eerily quiet. At times the only sound was the fluttering of little American flags. . . . there was more raw excitement in the food queues when a consignment of sausage arrived." After Bush's motorcade had swept away from the wreath-laying ceremony honoring the dead of the Warsaw ghetto, Hoggart talked to Marek Edelman, a survivor of the uprising who had met "the President." What had he said to Bush? Hoggart asked. "Ha! I told him that the Western allies did nothing to help us during the war. . . . If the Americans want to support freedom, they should give us money."

Hoggart also reported that while reading from a teleprompter in the Parliament, Bush mumbled, "I saw a worldwide photo of General Jaruzelski and Senate leader Lech Walesa shoulder-to-shoulder—Solidarity leader Lech Wa . . . er, shoulder-to-shoulder. But our people are linked by more than sediment." Was the visit the success that Bush craved? Hoggart asked rhetorically. "In the White House, where perception doesn't just shade reality but years ago replaced it, the show was a monstrous international hit."

It's An Outrage

The stratagems of magazines seeking to win fresh subscribers have long bordered on armed robbery. A reader in Houston tells me that *In These Times* once offered him a trial subscription for a brief period but when he declined to take up a sub, after the trial was over, he was instantly assailed with a dunning letter. "Dear Former Subscriber," Leenie Folsom, circulation director, wrote, "We can no longer carry this outstanding debt on our credit files. . . . Now. Today. You must pay the amount due. Send your check immediately. We expect to hear from you by return mail or we will be forced to take further action." Chilling stuff. The poor nonsubscriber lives in fear of Jimmy Weinstein ripping through his door with an ax, shouting for greenbacks.

The Nation's approach is rather different, preferring to keep the customers uncertain as to whether they have one subscription, two, or none at all. I've stayed in houses where *Nation* fans, parched for knowledge, say that no copy has arrived in months, and as they speak, a wadded block of two dozen *Nations* thuds through the mail slot. This gives *Nation* subscribers, as a whole, a Crusoe-like take on world affairs. I stayed with a man in eastern Oregon last year who met me at his gate with pressing questions. Was the war in Vietnam over? Was Edmund Muskie President? It turned out he was entirely reliant on *The Nation* for his news, and though he had faithfully sent in his renewal checks over the years, no copies had arrived. I started to explain to him that the Muskie campaign had gone awry, but he raised a finger to his lips and implored me to be silent. Having waited this long, he said, he had found his utter ignorance about the state of the world deeply refreshing; now that I was about to tell him that the Muskie campaign had not met expectations he felt that perhaps, all in all, it would be better to wait for those *Nations* and, in a way, to hope that they would never come.

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ALEXANDER COCKBURN

Their Miners and Ours

The big mistake the United Mine Workers have been making is in not holding their strikes and wildcat actions in the Soviet Union. There they would be assured of rather more generous coverage than they've been getting in the papers here. In a detailed cover story on July 20, *The Washington Post* quoted one Soviet miner as saying, "These bureaucrats, they sit on their butts and get double and triple what we make down in the pits. They get regular vacations. They get Sundays off. They get a car, a decent regular life. And we get the butt-end of the stick." Back at home the paper has covered the Pittston strike as a local story. Now consider a July 4 *New York Times* Metro page feature by Nick Ravo on a protest by miners at the Greenwich, Connecticut, headquarters of Pittston. The strikers, most of whom are Baptist fundamentalists, want an end to compulsory work on Sundays, and in Greenwich they sought the support of local clergy and churchgoers. Ravo calls this "a public relations ploy, no doubt about it," and points out that "the same miners who scream obscenities in Carbo, Va., become cross-carrying missionaries in Greenwich." Ravo's miners are yokels in the posh Northern suburb—their demands unarticulated, their purposes dim, their "charm," especially when denying reports of violence, "beguiling."

This is typical of the racist depiction of Appalachian miners set forth over the years. During the strikes of 1978 and 1981 *Times* correspondent Ben A. Franklin spoke of the "Appalachian enigma," traceable to "the Celtic ethnicity . . . the Anglo-Saxon, not to say Druid, heritage of southern mountain coal towns." In his fine book *Fire in the Hole*, Curtis Seltzer defines this "enigma" as "presumably a mix of cultural handcuffs, historical dialectics, and genetic programming errors." *Newsweek* in 1978 described the miners as "a breed apart from the rest of the populace—clannish and fatalistic, wary and independent, hell-raising and violent, promiscuous and enduring." *Time* called them "independent, outspoken, and not addicted to regular work." In 1981, *The Wall Street Journal* noted that the miners may have been motivated to strike by the onset of fishing season, this also considered plausible by *Newsweek*.

So it is not too surprising that the Pittston strikers should be misrepresented in the nation's newspapers while Soviet coal miners are portrayed as the heroes of *perestroika*. By the accounting procedures of the corporate press a sustained four-month strike involving some 50,000 American miners is as nothing compared with a weeklong walkout of about 150,000 Soviet miners.

Virtually every article on the Pittston strike has covered the "violence" of the miners (rock throwing, destruction of property) without examining the economic and physical violence that is waged against the miners: no coverage of the danger of going down into the pits, where many miners die; of the conditions of poverty in which many of them live. Nor is much said of the "asset protection teams" hired by the Pittston Company (imagine the mockery if the Russians used such a term), or of the 350 state troopers permanently stationed by the Virginia Governor to break the strike, at a cost of $1 million per month. Gorbachev sent in no police agents or military units. (On July 17, *The Post* did temporarily revert to pre-*glasnost* conventions, running the headline "Soviet Coal Strikes Continue to Grow; 11 Die in Georgia" over a story which, in its second paragraph, clearly identified the deaths as a result of nationalist demonstrations rather than strike activities.)

On July 7 the N.L.R.B. charged the Pittston Company with having engaged in unfair labor practices: failing "to bargain collectively and in good faith" with the U.M.W. and discriminating against workers engaged with the union. The major papers said barely a word. When Soviet miners won concessions their victory was proclaimed on the front pages and they themselves were hailed as pioneers of democracy. But democracy is a relative benefit. Back in 1981 the press here was speculating that the reason there had been so many coal strikes in the United States, especially since 1978, was that the union overhauled its structure in 1972 and became democratic. The inference, as expressed in *Business Week* and the *Pittsburgh Post-Gazette*, was that miners were the victims of too much democracy, rejecting contracts just for the sake of flexing their union muscles. The other possibility—that they were not offered fair contracts—eluded public comment.

Flowers of Poesy

For weeks the following poem, written in huge Hebrew letters, hung on a notice board in front of the quarters of a senior officer of the Civil Administration in Gaza. Civil Administration is a euphemism for "military occupation":

Yes, it is true that I hate Arabs
I want to take them off the map
Yes this is all [my] work.
My life passes pleasurably
One shoots a bullet and a head is flying.
It is a pleasure to feel when the bullet touches [it]
Knocks into the head and it splits.
Then I feel liberated and even [feel] a pleasure
To see how the head is flying off.
There are beautiful places in the Territories
There is sea and sand and many palms
It is a pity that there are Arabs there too. . . .

The poem appeared in a June 16 report in *Haaretz*, Israel's most prestigious newspaper, but Joel Brinkley of *The New York Times*, who must have *Haaretz* read to him every morning for breakfast, has apparently not considered it worth his paper's attention. Nor, as far as I can tell, has any other U.S. correspondent. Compare this with the coverage last year of a poem by Mahmoud Darwish exhorting Israel to "get out of our land." Then the front pages gave sympathetic vent to Israeli "primal fears" of being driven into the sea, despite Darwish's insistence that he was referring to the occupied territories. Now what's another dead Arab when the corpses of more than 500 rot in their graves?

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BELTWAY BANDITS.

DAVID CORN AND JEFFERSON MORLEY

■ How They Get Those Wonderful Toys

The Pentagon launched its big summer release, the B-2 stealth bomber, just in time to catch the tail winds of the much-hyped *Batman*. (Warner should demand that the Air Force pay a licensing fee for copping the caped crusader's logo.) The reviews from Congress were mixed. Both the House and the Senate trimmed the Pentagon's request for $4.8 billion in B-2 funding for fiscal year 1990—the House by $970 million, the Senate by $300 million—but the bomber will receive at least $4 billion in 1990.

Much of the recent fuss was absurd. At one point key members of Congress complained that the Air Force had misled them early on into believing the B-2 was capable of locating and destroying Soviet mobile missiles. They were upset to find that this was no longer part of the B-2's mission. But if any of those lawmakers had previously bothered to ponder the need for the B-2, they might have realized that spending $70 billion on a bomber to hit mobile missiles is not very cost-effective. U.S. strategy is supposedly predicated on responding to a Soviet first strike. Since such an attack would presumably include the launching of mobile missiles, the B-2 would most likely target only empty transports, if indeed it could find them. Nevertheless, in the past the Pentagon had placated Congress and sold the bomber as a means to counter Soviet mobile missiles. A 1987 Joint Chiefs of Staff report promised the B-2 would "attack the full range of fixed and relocatable targets."

This year Air Force officials admitted the B-2 would not work against movable targets but insisted they had not bamboozled Congress, ignoring such inconvenient statements as the 1987 report. Congress struck back in anger, cutting some of stealth's funds.

To recap: The Air Force peddles snake oil to Congress, which is all too eager to buy. Once the fraud is revealed, the Air Force lies, and legislators grumble that they're not able to purchase the fake. Still, billions are spent. And that's how military policy is formulated.

■ Twenty-Three Billion? We're Shocked, Shocked

The tone of the Congressional debate on the stealth bomber was reminiscent of Claude Rains's disbelief at learning that there was gambling at Rick's place. The Pentagon has managed to spend $23 billion of a projected $70 billion total budget before much of Congress had second—or even first—thoughts about the plane. Funds for the stealth bomber were kept in the military's "black," or classified, budget, which only a few members of Congress review. With the program thus invisible to the already faulty radar of Congress, the Air Force had a free hand. But what was the reason for such stealth? The Russians knew the bomber was being developed. Releasing cost figures could have given Moscow some idea of where the program was heading and perhaps a likely deployment date, but surely would not have compromised it. The real point was to keep the American taxpayer in the dark, and in that Congress was an accessory.

■ Holy Budgetary Projection!

The Pentagon's quest for the B-2 is not the only sign that it is out of touch with reality. The pending military budget request of $305 billion (down about 1 percent from 1989, accounting for inflation) is based on the farfetched assumption that significant growth in defense funding will resume in 1991 and continue in the following three years. The Defense Budget Project reports that Secretary of Defense Richard Cheney's budget gives priority to a large number of weapons that are moving from research and development into the costly production phase. These include the mobile version of the MX missile, the Trident 2 missile and the C-17 cargo plane, as well as the B-2.

Cheney did cut some programs, notably the F-14 fighter plane and the V-22 Osprey aircraft. But he conspicuously zeroed in on weapons made in districts with powerful representation in Congress. The Grumman plant that makes the F-14 and employs 5,000 workers is in the district of Representative Tom Downey of New York, a particularly effective member of the Ways and Means Committee. The V-22 would be made largely in Pennsylvania and Texas, the latter boasting one of the most influential delegations in Congress. As could be expected, legislators from those states have fought bitterly to restore the programs. So we have the spectacle of liberal Democrats like Downey force-feeding the Pentagon some of the few weapons it says it is willing to scrap. Perhaps Cheney is not so out of it.

■ Drop the Load. It's the Batplane

A poll recently conducted for the World Policy Institute found that 37 percent of those surveyed, a large plurality, thought that drug traffickers pose the greatest external threat to the United States. Only 4 percent cited the former chart buster, Soviet aggression. Congress was certainly speaking to that 37 percent last year when it made the Defense Department responsible for detecting and monitoring aerial and maritime drug smuggling into the United States. Congress appropriated $300 million for this and other Pentagon drug-busting efforts. Lieut. Gen. Stephen Olmstead, the director of the Pentagon's task force on drug enforcement, appeared before a Senate committee in June and confidently predicted that "the American people, who are providing the more than $300 million behind our efforts, will be satisfied with the outcome." After a yearlong study, the General Accounting Office isn't so sure. At the very same session Arnold Jones, a top-ranking G.A.O. official, politely noted that air interdiction efforts have been a failure and are likely to be so, given the problems inherent in tracking small drug-carrying planes. "We are not convinced," Jones said, "that spending additional millions of dollars to expand air interdiction programs is the best use of the limited resources available for Federal antidrug efforts." Interdiction programs, he noted, "are very costly and have limited capabilities"—which sounds like a perfect assignment for the Pentagon and its B-2.

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Fatal Flaw

EDWARD SOREL

STRIPS! WHAT A STUPID, TRIVIAL WAY TO GO THROUGH LIFE...
IF ONLY I HAD LIVED IN REMBRANDT'S TIME I MIGHT HAVE PRODUCED ART OF LASTING VALUE.
BUT WHO'D WANT TO BE REMBRANDT? DREADFUL FELLOW. NEVER PAID DEBTS, EMBEZZLED FROM HIS OWN SON, AND GOT RID OF HIS MISTRESS BY PUTTING HER INTO A LOONY BIN!
DEGAS WASN'T MUCH BETTER AND HE WAS A JEW-HATER TO BOOT... HE'D STOP SPEAKING TO ANY FRIEND WHO SUGGESTED THAT DREYFUS MIGHT BE INNOCENT.
GAUGUIN WAS SUCH A BASTARD THAT WHEN HOLLYWOOD MADE HIS LIFE INTO A MOVIE THEY HAD TO GIVE THE ROLE TO GEORGE SANDERS!
MATISSE LOOKED LIKE A SWEET OLD MAN BUT IN TRUTH HE DUMPED HIS WIFE AS SOON AS HE HIT IT BIG AND HE IGNORED HIS SON
AND THERE'S PICASSO... TRULY A MONSTER... DESERTED FRIENDS HE COULD HAVE HELPED DURING THE OCCUPATION, A PERFECT SHIT TO WOMEN, AND DROVE HIS SON TO SUICIDE.
LET'S FACE IT... I'LL NEVER BE A GREAT ARTIST...
...I'M JUST TOO NICE A GUY.

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ARTICLES.

LESSONS OF THE HUD SCANDAL

Communities, Not Carpetbaggers

PETER DREIER

As details of the scandal at the Department of Housing and Urban Development steadily seep out, some in the Bush Administration and in Congress have begun to suggest that a solution to the problem of influence peddling and corruption may lie in the further dismemberment of Federal housing programs for the poor. Warped as this suggestion is at a time of phenomenal shortage in affordable housing, it does raise the right question, for the scandal—in which an agency of the Reagan Administration steered scarce housing subsidies to private developers who contributed lavishly to G.O.P. coffers, hired influential Republicans as lobbyists or partners and gave money to pet charities of top HUD officials—is fundamentally not about individual greed or weakness but about a society's commitment to meeting the housing needs of its people. If the United States is to carry out its long-standing promise to house its citizens, it should take a lesson from Canada and other industrial nations, such as Sweden, Holland and France, whose record in directing public funds to nonprofit developers for low- and moderate-income housing presents a vivid and successful contrast to that of the for-profit U.S. model.

It is tempting to see the scandal as a peculiarly Reaganite series of causes and effects. HUD was a major battleground in the right's campaign against government spending. Low-income housing programs were hit hardest, their budgets slashed from $33 billion in 1981 to $8 billion in 1988. Those cuts made the competition fierce and political connections paramount. Secretary Samuel Pierce, a former corporate lawyer, showed little interest in defending or directing his agency's programs, and Reagan's other appointees insured that the remaining funds went to favored developers. Involved variously in these maneuvers were Republican figures large and small, including Interior Secretary James Watt; Reagan and Bush campaign adviser Paul Manafort; Bush's big fund-raiser Frederick Bush (no relation, now nominee as Ambassador to Luxembourg); former Attorney General John Mitchell; former HUD official Philip Winn (now Ambassador to Switzerland); former Massachusetts Senator Edward Brooke; and Robert Weinberger, nephew of the former Secretary of Defense. As Democratic Representative Bruce Morrison observed about the Reaganites' view of HUD, "Failing to cancel it, they ripped it off."

Certainly, the Reagan years fostered a culture of selfishness that encouraged this gross abuse of the public trust. And the "revolving door" between HUD officials, real estate developers and lobbyists, as well as HUD's broad discretion in selecting recipients for its funds, contributed greatly to what current Secretary Jack Kemp has labeled a "swamp." But the truth is that since HUD was created in the mid-1960s, favored developers under Democratic and Republican Administrations alike have grown rich building housing for the poor. During the Carter years the Section 8 housing program became a lucrative trough for many builders who gave money to Democratic politicians. Individually, developers and realtors are among the most generous contributors to Congressional and presidential candidates. Institutionally, the National Association of Realtors' political action committee has a vast local network and deep pockets. It spent $5.9 million in 1987-88 alone, more than any other trade association lobby. It contributed in 432 of the 435 House races and in every Senate race last year. Not surprisingly, many members of Congress, including some who are now HUD's vocal critics, have ties to developers and have lobbied HUD on their behalf.

Indeed, the huge profits available from HUD programs—mortgage write-downs, rental subsidies and tax breaks—encourage the kind of abuses that are now coming to light. It is almost built into the system. The Reaganites were simply more blatant about the favoritism and more cynical about HUD's mandate to serve the poor. Now Reagan's heirs are sounding like populists, but their hypocrisy is obvious. Of the scandal House minority whip Newt Gingrich remarked, "Anytime you get that much money into that few hands you're inviting corruption." But what does he propose? "I say dismantle the HUD bureaucracy. Start tenant-management programs, rent vouchers and other incentives." Pledging to clean up HUD, Kemp has said the agency should "help the needy, not the greedy." But like Ronald Reagan and Pierce before them, George Bush and Kemp oppose Federal subsidies for new housing construction. Kemp, who as a Congressman from suburban Buffalo voted against housing assistance for the homeless, maintains, "We do not do well when we start subsidizing the developer."

But consider the following: Only one-quarter of poor households in the United States receive any kind of housing subsidy—the lowest level of any industrialized nation in the world. Waiting lists for existing subsidized housing developments bulge, and homelessness among families with children is epidemic. Two-thirds of all low-income families pay more than half their income just to keep a roof over them. Many of America's 33 million poor are only one rent increase, one hospital stay, one layoff or other emergency away from becoming homeless. Rent vouchers, Kemp's alternative to building more subsidized housing, won't solve this problem. Already about 1 million low-income households receive such vouchers, which are intended to help them pay rent for apartments in the private market. But in cities with low rent-

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al vacancy rates, handing out vouchers is like providing food stamps when the grocery shelves are empty. About half the low-income tenants who now receive vouchers return them unused because apartments are so scarce. We must increase the overall *supply* of low-income housing.

The government must not only allocate more money to build affordable housing, it must also insure that the money is well spent. Many other industrial nations have responded to this challenge by channeling funds to nonprofit, community-based developers. About twenty years ago, for instance, both the United States and Canada became disillusioned with their public housing programs, which were identified in the public mind primarily, and unfairly, with high-rise ghettos for the poor. The United States opted to replace its program with "incentives," essentially bribes, to for-profit developers. One of those incentives had a great loophole, requiring developers to maintain rents for the poor for only twenty years. In many buildings the twenty years are up, and tenants fear that the landlords may at any time convert their homes into more profitable market-rate apartments and condominiums.

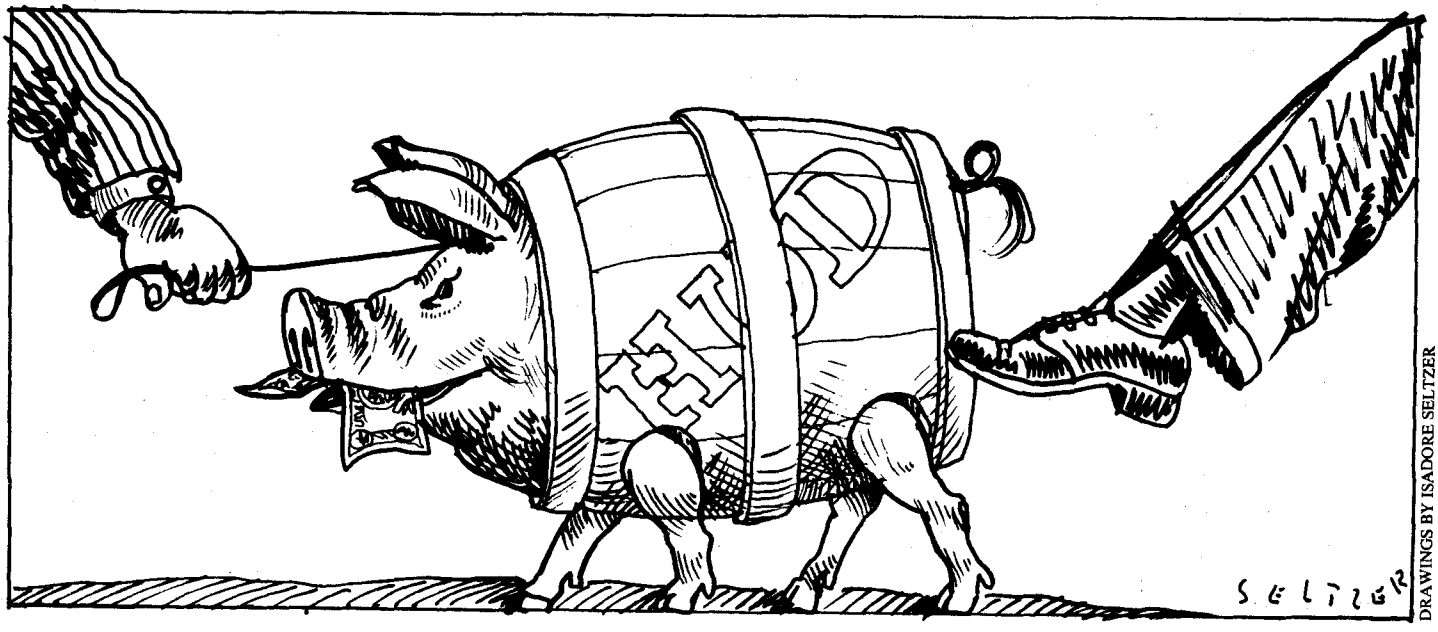
Canada, by contrast, put money into what it calls the "third sector," nonprofit groups, to build and manage mixed-income apartments and limited equity cooperatives. It helped community groups, church organizations, labor unions and others gain the know-how to become sophisticated housing developers. That investment has paid off. Today, Canada has more than 600,000 units of subsidized housing (compared with 3.3 million in the United States, which has ten times the population). More than half are in the third sector, the remainder coming under the old public housing program. For the past ten years Federal funds have been directed almost exclusively to the third sector, which on average has added 20,000 new units a year—about the same number that HUD subsidized last year. The buildings are well designed (no more high-rises) and well managed, with none of the stigma attached to low-income "projects." Poor and middle-class residents live side by side in comparable units, which by law cannot be sold to speculators or converted to upscale apartments or condominiums.

Canadian officials from across the political spectrum acknowledge that Federal and provincial housing funds, targeted for poor and working-class residents, are spent wisely. There's been no hint of scandal. Public opinion is overwhelmingly positive, which has created a willingness to put tax dollars into the nonprofit sector. The Federal housing budget last year exceeded $1.3 billion (Canadian), and together the provinces spend almost as much. The result is that Canadian cities are not overwhelmed with citizens sleeping in shelters, streets and subways.

Canada's strong system of nonprofit and cooperative housing—organized on the local, provincial and national levels—is rooted in its progressive labor movement and political parties, including the New Democratic Party. Yet whatever party is in power, the Canada Mortgage and Housing Corporation, HUD's counterpart, strongly supports the nonprofit sector. "You don't get major mood swings in housing programs," explained Peter Smith, former president of the Canadian Housing and Renewal Association (the nonprofits' advocacy group) and the head of a housing agency in Ontario. Because of this support, nonprofit housing groups do not scrounge for funds, for either staff or development. Staff members are paid decent salaries, and few see their employment in the nonprofit sector as a way station to a job with a for-profit development firm.

In the United States perhaps the only silver lining in the dark cloud of housing during the Reagan years was the spread of community-based nonprofit groups with origins in neighborhood organizations, churches, unions, social-service agencies and tenant groups. Since the mid-1970s their number has increased about tenfold, to some 2,000.

As Dennis Keating, an urban studies professor at Cleveland State University, observed: "Subsidizing profit-oriented developers to house the poor hasn't worked. They often take the money and run, with the tenants left behind in mismanaged projects and the taxpayers footing the bill. In contrast,



DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

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nonprofit groups are more accountable to the residents and the surrounding community. They're not carpetbaggers." Subsidy funds have gone to make housing work for the poor, not for fancy offices or extravagant consulting fees. Recent studies by the New School for Social Research and the National Congress for Community Economic Development document the success of some of these groups. Most began by fixing up a small building or two; many now have the sophistication to construct multimillion-dollar developments.

They work against overwhelming odds. Unlike their Canadian neighbors, nonprofit entrepreneurs here have had to patch together resources from local and state governments, private foundations, businesses and charities. In 1987, 196 foundations made grants of almost $68 million toward nonprofit housing development. The United Way, prompted by its Boston affiliate's success in funding community development corporations, now underwrites projects in Houston; Chicago; Rochester; York, Pennsylvania; and Pontiac, Michigan. The Local Initiatives Support Corporation, created by the Ford Foundation in 1979 to channel corporate funds to nonprofits, has helped groups in thirty cities to produce more than 17,000 units for low- and moderate-income residents. Developer James Rouse, famous for his urban festival marketplaces in Baltimore, Boston and New York, set up the Enterprise Foundation, which has given financial and technical help (on construction techniques, for example) to more than a hundred low-income groups in some twenty-seven communities. In many cities nonprofit groups have joined with government officials, business leaders and foundations to form public-private-community partnerships.

The explosion in nonprofit development represents a real backyard revolution:

§ In New York, residents of decaying East Brooklyn raised more than $8 million from local and national churches to create the Nehemiah Plan, named after the biblical prophet who rebuilt Jerusalem. More than 1,500 houses, sold to working-class families for less than $50,000, have been built on thirty-five blocks of vacant land donated by the city.

§ In Boston, the bricklayers' and laborers' unions together set up a group that in three years has constructed more than 200 brick Victorian-style townhouses on city-owned land in three neighborhoods. The unions pressured the bank that holds their pension funds to provide a loan at reduced rates. Families earning an average of $25,000 have purchased the townhouses at about half the market value, with resale restrictions to prevent their reaping windfall profits.

§ In Omaha, fifty-eight low-income families own their houses because of the Holy Name Housing Corporation, a church group that trains and employs neighborhood residents to rehabilitate abandoned houses and then sells them to the poor. The group, which has also built a thirty-six-unit apartment building for senior citizens, convinced several local insurance companies to provide low-interest mortgages.

§ In Chicago, Bethel New Life has completed 400 houses for the poor in the West Garfield Park neighborhood and has another 400 in the pipeline—the area's first new houses in twenty years. The church-based organization also runs job-training and recycling programs, operates a health center, provides home care services for the elderly and employs about 350 local residents.

Although much of their money comes from foundations and corporations, the nonprofits generally retain control over the development and management of the housing. Most have low-income community residents on their boards. Many, like Bethel New Life, also organize neighborhoods to push for improved parks, repaired streets and other services. Because affluent suburbs still resist low-income housing, most nonprofits are located in inner cities and rural areas, but there are exceptions. In Santa Barbara, California, where the average house sold last year for more than $275,000, the nonprofit Community Housing Corporation has constructed 462 units—including single-family houses, limited equity cooperatives and a rooming-house hotel—for low-income families and the elderly.

Yet even with allies in local government, business and foundations, the bootstrap approach has its limits. Subsidy funds—required to fill the gap between what poor and working-class families can afford and what it costs to build and operate housing—are scarce. Appeals to voluntarism are misplaced: America's families should not have to depend on corporate or foundation largesse for affordable housing. Even the most penny-pinching nonprofit groups acknowledge that the Federal government will have to play a major role if their local success stories are to be replicated nationally. In fact, the most successful, and scandal-free, HUD program has been Section 202, used exclusively by nonprofits to build housing for the low-income elderly.

If enacted, the National Comprehensive Housing bill, sponsored by Representative Ron Dellums, would dramatically reshape national housing policy. Drafted by a task force of the Institute for Policy Studies, it calls for an annual expenditure of about $50 billion in direct capital grants that would go to nonprofit groups for construction and rehabilitation, as well as to the purchase of existing privately owned housing for transfer to nonprofits. This housing would remain in the "social" sector, never again to be burdened with debt. Occupants would pay only the operating costs, which would be substantially lower than what poor and working-class families now pay for housing.

The Dellums bill represents a visionary program—a standard for judging our progress—but in the current political climate it is not a winnable bill. More immediately realistic, though by no means a certainty, is the Community Housing Partnership Act, sponsored earlier this year by Representative Joseph Kennedy and Senator Frank Lautenberg. It is the first legislation designed to provide Federal funding specifically to help community-based nonprofit groups build and rehabilitate affordable housing for families. It already has the support of the U.S. Conference of Mayors, the National League of Cities, the National Low-Income Housing Coalition and dozens of national advocacy groups. "On its own this $525 million program is not an immediate solution to the national housing crisis," Kennedy admits, "but it provides a vehicle for steady growth in

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Great Summer Reading!

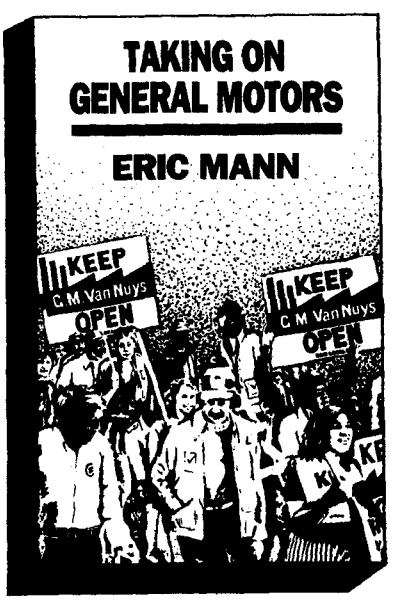
"Taking On General Motors

by Eric Mann is a great book that offers hope and encouragement during these difficult times. I have marched with the Van Nuys workers and have seen their impressive organizing first-hand. But **Taking On General Motors** takes you beyond where the eye can see to share the complexities of how social movements are built. If you are an environmental or peace activist, a labor or community organizer, a high school or college teacher, or if you are a member of the Rainbow Coalition, I strongly urge you to read this book."

REV. JESSE JACKSON

Taking on General Motors is a fascinating story whose lessons go far beyond one union local or even the UAW as a whole. Its methodology and analysis are invaluable for training a new generation of labor and community organizers to think strategically.

Tony Mazzochi, Sec.-Treas.
Oil, Chemical & Atomic Workers Union



Taking On General Motors is a real page turner and eye opener... I began at six at night and the next thing I knew it was two in the morning . . . I laughed, I cried, I learned and I loved every minute of it . . . It reads like a novel . . . It reads like a novel . . . It reads like a novel.

Readers' Comments

Taking On General Motors analyzes the UAW Campaign to Keep GM Van Nuys Open. — a movement of Chicano, African-American, White and Asian auto workers and their community allies that has kept the plant open by threatening GM with a boycott of its products in Los Angeles.

Taking on General Motors critiques the failure of the Democratic Party and union elites to develop effective responses to capital flight, moves to a 60 page history of GM and the UAW, analyzes the internal life of a 5,000 member union, describes the workers battle to deal with a "non-adversarial" "team concept" management system and ends with broader observations about today's labor movement.

Taking On General Motors is written by Eric Mann, a veteran of CORE and SDS, and a direct participant in the movement he analyzes. It weaves history, politics, organizing, labor and ethnic studies into a rich and complex tapestry.

YES! HERE'S MY $20.

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☐ Send me _____ copies of **Taking On General Motors** at $20 per copy. Enclosed is $_____. UCLA Institute of Industrial Relations, 408 pages. ISBN #0-89215-141-2. (California residents add $1.30 sales tax.)

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the nonprofit sector's capacity, so that within a few years, it can have a major impact."

The HUD scandal provides an opportunity to rethink the way in which we deliver housing for Americans who are not well served by the private market. Clearly, the nation must spend much more on housing if we are to address the growing needs of the population. But even if Congress were willing to find the funds—by cutting defense spending or raising taxes on the wealthy and big business—it would be difficult to convince the public that its money was being well spent if the conventional lineup of lobbyists, politically connected builders and indifferent bureaucrats remains.

The nonprofit approach provides an alternative. It should appeal to a Republican Administration that emphasizes self-help, entrepreneurship and grass-roots initiative. It should also make sense to Democrats who want to show that government can serve the needy without getting entangled in wasteful bureaucracy or political favoritism. It will take at least a decade to move this country's nonprofit housing sector from the margins to the mainstream, but Canada's experience demonstrates that the incubation process pays off. □

LETTER FROM EUROPE

The Specter of Capitalism

DANIEL SINGER

The rulers of the capitalist world who came to Paris for the bicentennial celebrations last month were in a smug mood. True, the great French Revolution was not the last, but the bourgeois order now looks more solidly entrenched than it has for quite a time. So, 1789 could be celebrated because 1917 is apparently a dead end, or at least is being presented as such with the full power of the propaganda machine. The bloody leap backward in China in June and the simultaneous rejection of the regime by Polish voters have been used to drum the rather contradictory message that the communist world is both totalitarian and crumbling from within. The massacre in Beijing allowed the propagandists to stress the evil and unreformable nature of communism, while events in Poland, Hungary and the Soviet Union enabled them to boast at the same time that a specter is haunting Eastern Europe, the specter of capitalism.

To peddle this message the propagandists could not afford to be very choosy. They had to present the students and workers singing "The Internationale" in Tiananmen Square as the worshipers of capitalism. They were also bound to conceal the fact that today's villain, Deng Xiaoping, the executioner in chief, had only yesterday been their hero, praised as the man capable of putting "capitalist substance into socialist forms" and given as an example to Mikhail Gorbachev because Deng has put the accent on consumer goods instead of bothering about democratic nonsense. All that is now conveniently forgotten. The hypocrisy should take nobody by surprise, coming from an establishment that had previously demonstrated, in connection with Solidarity, that it could hate labor unions at home and love them beyond the Elbe. Those who still cherished illusions about the official Western proclamations of sympathy for the Chinese rebels were quickly undeceived. When it was suggested that, in the new circumstances, Britain should guarantee the right of entry to the Chinese from Hong Kong with British passports, Her Majesty's government rejected the very idea. Its charity went as far as to make exceptions for the happy few with fat wallets: visas for those with Visa cards. As a British member of Parliament put it, Margaret Thatcher is an advocate of "Access-card democracy."

But their hypocrisy does not justify our complacency. The crisis of socialism does exist, even if the "free market" ideologues try to exploit it to their advantage. Moscow's Congress of People's Deputies, behaving as if it were a constituent assembly; the Polish elections; the Hungarian round table, foreshadowing another condemnation of a "communist" regime—each day some event reminds us that an era is definitely coming to an end. But if the twilight of a reign is obvious, the shape of its successor is not. Will the Soviet bloc begin to build socialism in democratic fashion or will it pay for past sins by a capitalist restoration? The latter risk can no longer be ruled out, but Western propaganda has managed to draw from recent events the categorical conclusion that capitalism is eternal because socialism (and communism even more so) is either a utopia *à rebours* or a figment of the imagination. The success of this campaign makes it imperative to rehearse in a new context the old argument against the identification of socialism with Soviet reality.

The Lasting Curse

The inquiry takes us back to the origins, to the fact that the Revolution happened in backward Russia and did not spread to the advanced capitalist countries for which it was designed in Marx's conception. The isolated Bolsheviks, unless they gave up power, had to industrialize the conquered territory, to carry out within a short spell the "primitive accumulation," including the massive uprooting of peasants, that had taken decades of ruthless oppression to accomplish in the Western countries. Whether Stalinism, with its "concentrationary" universe and its Byzantine cult, was the inevitable political product of this vast social upheaval will be disputed by historians for generations. But inevitable or not, the birth of the system and its development have a bearing on the current debate.

The institutions of the new regime and its mechanisms of management did not grow out of a mature capitalism at the end of its tether. Land was not collectivized because efficient smallholders had reached their limits. Workers did not take over modern factories to end their alienation. Planning was not introduced to replace a mechanism unable to translate rising productivity into value benefiting society as a whole. The system did not transcend capitalism; it acted as a

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substitute designed to perform capitalism's early tasks, including the dirtiest. And this strange social formation was being presented as a model of socialism.

Still, Russia was an example. The pioneering feat of the Bolsheviks inspired millions of downtrodden and exploited throughout the world, spurring them to action. But Stalin reduced the international communist movement to a tool of Soviet policy and turned "Marxism-Leninism" into a religion. The more or less necessary evils performed in Russia were hailed as virtue and the Soviet Union was presented as a model for the world at large. Professional anticommunists and Stalin's stooges agreed on only one thing—namely, that this was socialism. This is the system, somehow propped up and revarnished, now being discarded in various parts of the Soviet bloc. It is obviously absurd to accuse Gorbachev of "dismantling socialism" (though quite legitimate to ask what he proposes to put in the place of the crumbling edifice that exists).

Contrary to the current fashion of using black instead of pink glasses for examining this period (see below), it should be said that economically the Soviet mechanisms did function quite successfully for a time, if judged not by socialist standards but by the tasks to which it set itself. Uprooted peasants were taught to read and turned into workers. Technicians and engineers were produced on a mass scale. Industrialization proceeded fast enough to provide the Red Army with enough guns and tanks to resist German aggression and save Europe from Nazism. Yet, once the Soviet Union had recovered from the terrible ravages of the war, it became obvious that the system of coercion and command from above, designed for illiterate *muzhiks*, was politically obsolete and economically counterproductive. (Incidentally, this is the model that Eastern Europe inherited when the Soviet tanks brought "revolution from above" as far as the Elbe. Like their Napoleonic counterparts, Soviet troops carried with them the progressive elements of their new order—the elimination of big landlords and capitalists, mass education and so on—although whether these progressive elements of the Stalinist package compensated for the inevitable losses of the whole area's being sealed off from the international division of labor should be studied seriously; in the present climate a negative answer is given without examination.)

The optimistic assumption of historians was that the development of productive forces would drive the rulers to change the political institutions. The theory was right, but practice once again proved more complex. Stalin's successors opted for a slackening rate of growth rather than the abolition of their system of power and patronage. It was not the expansion of production but a dangerous lag in it that finally forced the party establishment, after two decades of so-called stagnation, to resign itself to a radical overhaul, to Mikhail Gorbachev and *perestroika*.

The Price of Procrastination

It was absurd to argue, as did the Western theoreticians of totalitarianism, that the Soviet bloc was unchangeable, frozen forever. Even during the long interlude under Leonid Brezhnev, society was changing, and changing fast. The deepening economic crisis was due to a combination of factors: The post-Stalinist regime could no longer use the threat of deportation to discipline the working population; it did not dare yet to give the managers the right to fire workers; and it was unable to introduce an efficient alternative method of management based on democratic rights. Thus, it is true that for years the rulers resisted any reform involving the transfer of power from the top to the workers at the bottom. The main price for this delay, because of guilt by association, has been the discrediting of the very idea of socialism.

When Nikita Khrushchev toppled the statue of Stalin in 1956 and the reform movement spread throughout the communist bloc, the so-called revisionists thought theirs was a fundamentally good socialist society that simply had to get rid of terrible errors and deviations. This belief in the possibility of transformation from within survived the invasion of Hungary. The period reached its climax with the Prague Spring and its pleonastic search for "socialism with a human face." The tanks entering Prague in 1968 squashed such "revisionist" illusions.

The next decade was different. The Polish workers who won veto power in 1970 and the right to form independent unions ten years later were already talking of workers' rights rather than of socialism and thinking in terms of "us," the people, and "them," the rulers. But things have not improved since. Delaying tactics only make matters worse. Deng Xiaoping, a known admirer of Gen. Wojciech Jaruzelski, has food for thought here. Back in 1981 the general could have made a deal with the labor movement by offering it a second legislative house representing workers' councils on a national scale. Now his bargaining position and the chances of a socialist solution are both much weaker. If the

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clean, almost bloodless coup in Poland was self-defeating, the one in China involving a massacre was suicidal. Deng, Li Peng and their accomplices committed a double crime against socialism, through what they did and through what they have prepared: Next time the workers and students in Tiananmen Square may not be singing "The Internationale."

It is true that, despite all that has happened, Gorbachev is now presiding over the most ambitious attempt yet to change the system from above, at least to begin with. But the climate is not quite what it used to be. Many Russians, and Lithuanians, Hungarians and Poles, are now looking to the past or to the outside world, and many have had second thoughts about socialism altogether.

Let there be no confusion between honest heart-searching and the antics of Western turncoats, onetime Stalinists or Maoists now preaching about the intrinsic evil of socialism. One of the greatest achievements of *glasnost* is that it has allowed the Soviet people to stretch their memory and conquer the past. One may now realistically hope that in the not-too-distant future they will be debating their revolutionary heritage with the arguments and documents of all sides at their disposal. I am not unduly shocked or surprised that in this collective reassessment a good proportion of the Soviet intelligentsia has expressed, at least in private, its preference for February 1917 and its rejection of October. For a Marxist no subjects are taboo and Lenin himself is no icon. Only, the verdict should be reached in open debate, taking into account everything, including Czarist backwardness, foreign intervention, the White terror and the isolation of the Bolsheviks. Otherwise the history of Eastern Europe will be a department of Western propaganda.

Which brings us to the relationship between the West's economic restructuring and the East's *perestroika.* For a time in the past decade the crises in the two economic blocs ran side by side, parallel but different. The Western establishment, determined to spread deregulation with unemployment as its companion, was delighted to see Alexander Solzhenitsyn and the *nouveaux philosophes* coming to its ideological rescue, uncovering the gulag in the mid-1970s. It thus could argue that the only alternative to its undesirable system was "hell with no exit." Since then profits have handsomely recovered, but the structural crisis and unemployment have lingered. It is therefore particularly important at this stage for capitalism's apologists to tell the tale of Soviet bankruptcy and interpret it as ultimate proof that any socialist project is doomed. The old anticommunist propagandists have discovered strange new allies, the intellectuals from Eastern Europe—and not necessarily dissidents. Economists, sociologists, writers and stern critics at home, they are dazzled by our wealth when they come here, flattered by the reception and very reluctant to look at the seamy side of our societies. Their voice is quite significant in the current chorus singing the end of revolutions and, therefore, the permanence of capitalism.

The Thermidor Is Not Inevitable

Despite objectively favorable circumstances, socialism as an ideological alternative is thus at its nadir in Western Europe. But this description of Europe's ideological climate, though accurate, gives too gloomy an impression. Some backlash against socialism was inevitable. When Khrushchev removed Stalin from his coffin, the unexpected stench staggered the faithful. The dismantling of the whole system was bound to provoke tremors. Irrational dictatorship at the top had spread unreason in society, reactionary tensions, religious prejudices, racial resentments. Russian nationalism at the center fed jingoist reactions in the other republics. *Perestroika* did not give birth to all these pent-up emotions, it only released them, and *glasnost* held them up for the world to see. To render the situation even more explosive, the Soviet Union, which was supposed to open up its economic frontiers when, as Stalin put it, "it caught up and overtook America," is now driven to do so as the technological and productivity gap has widened.

Not all the surprises, however, are unpleasant. The speed at which the frontiers of freedom have been extended in the media, in the arts, in historical knowledge, and the pace at which some power has been granted to the soviets have exceeded all expectations. The sophistication of the ordinary Soviet people when faced with the freedom of electoral choice defeated the apparatchiks and belied the skepticism of the intelligentsia. When Soviet voters choose an unknown young liberal rather than a famous writer with known jingoist connections, or when Poles pick two Solidarity leaders rather than their rivals blessed by the cardinal, one

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wonders whether the general mood may not be more progressive than it is being painted.

The new voice we hear coming from Eastern Europe is essentially that of the professional intelligentsia. Back in 1976 a few Polish intellectuals offered their services to victimized workers and proceeded to show that the intelligentsia can play a historical part if it is linked with a real social movement. Now, however, it is speaking for itself. It does so splendidly as the champion of *glasnost*, defending freedoms that are no less beautiful for being originally bourgeois. It also fights for its own privileges, for greater wage differentials, bigger social advantages and, ultimately, for replacing the apparatchiks in power. But the intelligentsia is not the whole nation, and its pushy, acquisitive members are not the whole intelligentsia, and, anyway, it will not fight in a void, as we were just reminded by the Soviet miners.

To deny the countries of Eastern Europe the title of "socialist" is not to equate them with classical capitalism. They are postrevolutionary societies *sui generis*, and their peculiar features will now play a significant role in the shaping of the future. Thus, the workers still cling to their revolutionary victory, the security of tenure, and the rulers do not yet know how to attack it frontally. The people of the Soviet bloc have a deep belief in social justice and equality, feelings now cursed by economic reformers, whether they call themselves "communist" or not. Last but not least, in all these countries the bulk of industry has been nationalized. Now that the fiction that the factories belong to the workers has been shattered, the question is whether the fiction will be turned into fact or whether other property relations will be evolved, leading ultimately to large-scale privatization. And it is more than a question of ownership.

Democracy is thus at the heart of the battle. It is high time to return to basic principles, to tell fashionable sophists who link freedom with the market that there can be no genuine democracy without socialism, because you cannot put a sign of equality between individuals, social groups or classes that are socially unequal. The reverse, however, is equally true. There can be no socialism without the fullest democracy. The idea is important not only because the Soviet precedent shows that to deprive the people of power, allegedly temporarily and for the best of reasons, is to ask for trouble. It is vital because unless the countries of Eastern Europe now manage to invent new forms of democracy at all levels, starting with the shop floor, they will be unable to introduce genuine overall planning, without which you cannot uproot inequalities, transform society or insert man and society into nature.

It would be pleasant to report that the Western left, responsible for the original sin of Bolshevik isolation, is now making up for it by offering a model for a socialist solution. It isn't, and it won't do that tomorrow. In the meantime, its second best is to tell the people of Eastern Europe about their past before "socialism" (the Russians about the czarist stench and knout, the Hungarians about Admiral Horthy's regime, the Poles about Pilsudski and the colonels) and about our not-so-dazzling present. There remains a final valid objection. Socialism exists nowhere. It has not even been tried in the advanced countries for which it was designed. At this stage in the argument I can reply only rhetorically: The sans-culottes who 200 years ago stormed the Bastille were also venturing into the unknown. They were making history. □

FORGOTTEN PEOPLE

The World and The Kurds

JILL HAMBURG

"We're living through hard times," a Kurdish father tells his son in *Yol*, Kurdish-Turkish director Yilmaz Guney's last film, written in prison in Turkey before his death in exile in 1985: "We can't even claim our dead." Indeed—and truer today. Two reports released this year, one by Amnesty International and the other by Physicians for Human Rights, document that the persecution of the Kurdish people of Iran and Iraq by their own governments is steadily worsening in the aftermath of the war.

The war to a certain degree was encouraged by the industrial countries—forty nations supplied arms, ten of those to both sides [see Mansour Farhang, "An Unending War Between Two Despots," *The Nation*, September 20, 1986]. So the U.N.-negotiated cease-fire that ended the fighting last August was a coup for international diplomacy. But now, while Western industry scrambles for reconstruction contracts and populous peacetime markets, unconscionable human rights violations are being carried out with impunity, especially in Iraq. Amnesty's report on Iraq, which was accompanied by unprecedented public appeals, exposes politically motivated torture, imprisonment and executions of hundreds of Kurds, mainly children, in an attempt to force confessions from their families.

Amnesty and others have shown that both during and after the war Iraqi President Saddam Hussein redeployed thousands of troops from the front against civilians, in order to eliminate perceived dissidents, including tens of thousands of Kurds, who have suffered systematic attacks by the military, sometimes using poison gas, and forced relocations to government "security villages." Perhaps as many as two-thirds of Iraq's 5,000 Kurdish villages have already been wiped off the map.

In the wake of the cease-fire Iran, too, has intensified its aggression, carrying out mass executions of approximately 16,000 political prisoners last year, including at least hundreds and perhaps thousands of Kurds. In July, the leader of the Democratic Party of Iranian Kurdistan and the party's European representative were assassinated while engaged in peace negotiations in Vienna with the Iranian government (two of Iran's negotiators were arrested as suspects). All told,

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thousands of Kurds have been killed since the revolution in a civil struggle almost totally unpublicized in the West.

The Physicians for Human Rights study, conducted among the 50,000 Kurdish refugees in Turkey, concluded that the Iraqi Army used mustard and nerve gases against civilians immediately following last August's cease-fire. This conclusion was based primarily on evidence obtained from eyewitnesses, in videotaped interviews and questionnaires, which was analyzed by chemical warfare experts. The sustained and "catastrophic" attacks against Kurdish civilians and Pesh Merga (military) areas caused thousands of deaths. The number is impossible to confirm because the areas were sealed off; estimates by Kurdish sources range from 10,000 to as many as 100,000 people. Most vulnerable to the indiscriminate attacks were the young, the old and the sick.

Iraq denied the attacks, then justified them as a response to Kurdish guerrillas. But according to Vera Beaudin Saeedpour, director of the Kurdish Program, based in Brooklyn, New York, the local Kurds are peaceable, and inhabited vulnerable, low-lying terrain of no strategic value. They had the misfortune, however, to live along Iraq's economic lifeline: its oil pipeline, main railroad, highway and primary water source. Journalists have described the area as "an open grave," and the town of Halabja as "a modern Pompeii."

Neither U.N. investigations nor last January's 140-nation conference in Paris on chemical weapons adequately addressed these atrocities. Iraq's prominence as a Third World power has impeded international action, and the Hussein government has paid no political or economic price. The Paris conference, reaching a "full consensus by all nations," did not beef up the 1925 Geneva Protocols on chemical weapons and failed to propose export controls or economic sanctions against known violators—in effect granting global approval to Iraq's use of gas against the Kurds. No nation is "willing to sacrifice bilateral relations with Iraq on behalf of a higher cause," chemical weapons expert and policy analyst W. Seth Carus says. Senator Claiborne Pell's September 1988 bill to impose sanctions on Iraq and prevent the genocide was derailed, according to a Foreign Relations Committee staff member, partly as a result of intense lobbying by Iraq's business friends, agribusiness, the oil industry and the chemical manufacturers.

Labyrinthine alliances also complicate the Kurds' future. Recently they were maintained as proxy soldiers in the Iran-Iraq war, with each side arming the other's Kurds. They have been betrayed over the years by other patrons, from the Shah to the Soviet Union to the Central Intelligence Agency. Scattered among several countries by the colonial powers, the Kurdish people are further fractured by class and tradition, and suppressed by militantly nationalistic governments that covet their mountain homelands' rich resources.

But things could change. Iraq, although second only to Saudi Arabia in OPEC exports, is currently more than $50 billion in debt; Iran needs outside aid to rebuild its war-ravaged economy. Monitoring by human rights groups and increased publicity about the atrocities keeps the heat on, and stigmatizes, the perpetrators. The challenge for Washington is to strike at the credit upon which these bankrupt nations desperately depend. Pell will attempt to do this with a second bill.

For their part, the Kurds have united periodically over the decades, most recently in the Iraqi Kurdish Front in 1987. To emerge from the devastation, to claim their dead and begin a new phase of their struggle for justice and autonomy, the Kurds must again meet the challenge of cooperation. □

Fraternity

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

fraternities and sororities. The college, which was all male until 1970, now has a nearly even split between men and women students. Many of them agree with Marianne Weiss, a sorority member, who says, "We live in a hick town in the middle of nowhere with a bunch of cows. If there were enough alternatives, people wouldn't be going to the Greek system." As it happens, Weiss's sorority was reprimanded last fall for co-sponsoring a "jungle party" with a fraternity, three of whose members attended in blackface. She doesn't defend that, but she also opposes making DKE the campus scapegoat. "I think in the Greek-letter system there are abuses," she says. "Those opinions [in the ledgers] are still common.'

Last month, after an investigation, the college suspended DKE for "hazing, blackballing and other infractions" for the 1989-90 academic year. The faculty, witnesses to numerous testosterone-fired outrages on Fraternity Row, voted overwhelmingly in May to abolish all fraternities and sororities by September 1994. However, only the school's board of trustees can impose such a ban; in July, it set up a special committee to review residential life and the role of fraternities and sororities.

The problem posed by Greek-letter organizations, especially fraternities, is not Colgate's alone. Nor is it one that is confined to small, rural campuses. Universities across the country are proclaiming diversity—social, sexual, ethnic, racial, economic and cultural—as the guiding spirit behind their pursuit of academic growth and excellence. At the same time, fraternities—whose members usually select one another on the basis of conformity to homogeneous group standards—are experiencing their highest membership levels ever. As a result, colleges find themselves trying to impart the bias-free goals of the 1990s to students who are clustering, in ever greater numbers, in the exclusionary communities of the 1950s. Those forces are clashing on more and more campuses.

Colgate president Neil Grabois, in his first year, may wish the DKE crisis hadn't happened, but he's not avoiding it. "It's an opportunity to ask what we are and what we ought to be," says Grabois, who was previously provost of Williams College, which eliminated fraternities in the 1960s.

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"The question for us is, Are there features of the Greek-letter system which are either accelerating or accentuating trends in the culture that we would like to push against?" To those who would reply with an unequivocal "Of course," Grabois offers this caution: Before answering, he says, it's necessary to determine "what is specific about fraternities and not just sloshed 19-year-olds or sexually insecure 19-year-olds."

A look into the DKE ledgers may be helpful in drawing that distinction. The notes, scrawled in different handwritings, form a litany of odious attitudes and possibly criminal behavior. One entry, from January 1989, states: "watch your sexual practices—be careful of horrifying girls too much—University is very sensitive to anything sounding like rape. don't abuse women (too much)." Another reads: "This girl who me and X ganged—this babe and someone leaked it at dinner. That fuckin sucked." And from 1987, this description of a night of booze and sex: "going to have a crazy get together at the home of the virgin goddess [the DKE Temple] with imported fuel [slang for alcohol] and special guest star X the only female who is tits enough [DKE slang for "cool" enough] to do the subway shuffle [slang for a "train," or several men having sex with or forcing it from a woman, often when she is drunk]."

A list of what pledges must carry includes a "knife (long enough to reach a Negro's Heart)." A passage written following new college rules for fraternity behavior bragged about stealing thirty cases of beer from the university pub—"a fitting rebuttal to the new regulations," a member wrote. Pages of meeting notes are also included. "You guys deserve beatings like we got," said one apparently older brother to younger ones. "It helps you understan[d]. You guys are pussies!" Another entry orders the beatings of two brothers. And from a list of reminders to members, these items: "if the hazing goes wrong, we are finished"; "pledge banquet—within the next week, experimental road-trips—we have to find girls who will fuck"; "drug dealing—keep it *in the house.*" [Emphasis in original.]

In baseball slang, to "deke" somebody means to fool him, decoy him. Interesting, then, that fooling outsiders, especially college administrators, is a key element in the DKE writings, part of a group fealty that at times borders on the cultlike: "I've just finished reading the Record of what happened my freshman year when the House was threatened [suspended], and I realize how easy we have it now. But during that period things happened in the House for which we should be thankful—brotherhood became stronger than ever; unity was stronger than ever in the face of many adversaries; and secrecy was fine-tuned to an extent 'known only to our order.' Let us remember that, so that while we 'build our bridges' with the rest of the Colgate Community, while we adapt to new rules and attitudes, we . . . remember these words—the words my Pledge Father told me . . . DKE WILL ONLY CHANGE SO THAT DKE CAN REMAIN THE SAME." [Emphasis in original.] Nearly every passage carries the closing motto, "In the Bonds," above each DKE brother's signature.

Reading the excerpts, it's easy to understand how fraternity culture can convince its members that a range of abuses—from marathon drinking-and-vomiting sessions to theft, beatings and even rape—are O.K. as long as the group sanctions them. "If these were working-class kids or poor kids in an inner-city ghetto, we'd call them a gang and we'd call them pathological," says Rhonda Levine, an associate professor of sociology at Colgate. Certainly, the reports of women who've been raped in fraternity houses nationwide show that what's sometimes called "wilding" when committed by poor or minority men is most often called "group sex" when the offenders have money and social status.

DKE has not been alone among Colgate fraternities in its transgressions. Late last year, the alumni of Phi Gamma Delta closed their house due to rampant drug and alcohol abuse, vandalism and poor academic performance. Kappa Delta Rho was put on probation for rules infractions. In 1988, Delta Upsilon was disciplined for a function at which a member dressed as Hitler and two pledges went outside wearing T-shirts, one decorated with a swastika, the other with a Nazi slogan. Theta Chi and the sorority Gamma Phi Beta were suspended for the "jungle party" incident. In recent years, DKE has been suspended for fighting with Phi Delta Theta, Delta Upsilon for what college dean M. Lee Pelton calls "an out-of-control party" and Sigma Chi for violating university alcohol policy. (No wonder, on a recent visit, I saw a female student wearing a T-shirt with the plaintive message "Colgate University—The 4-Year Quest for the Sober Kiss.")

Anecdotal reports from students and faculty about fraternity culture are just as damning. A letter written this spring by a Phi Gamma Delta member to the college administration described a paralyzing use of LSD, Ecstasy, cocaine and other drugs in his house, including a "drug olympics"

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held between members and pledges and a "tequila night" on which a record was kept of shots consumed. On one occasion, the letter-writer drank thirty-three shots; the winner, he said, drank forty-three. When another member, sophomore Chris Chafe, quit the house in disgust over hazing, sexism and drug abuse, Chafe says, "People said, 'You're a fool, you're a whiner, you're an asshole. We went through it, you should be able to go through it. That's part of being in the house.'"

A female student told me of trips by the Alpha Tau Omega fraternity pledges to Skidmore College at which, she had heard, a point system was applied to sex acts. The fraternity pledges would divide into teams and, by the end of the night, the team with the most points would win. I asked Michael Sippey, an A.T.O. member and vice president of the Interfraternity/Sorority Council, if the story was true. "It goes on. It bothers me," he says, but insists that the "tone" of the road trip has changed recently. Nonetheless, he says, "The concept is definitely warped." Other students report seeing freshman pledges return to the dorms from fraternity events incoherent from drinking or taking drugs and with bruises on their bodies. Professor Levine tells of one of her students found lying outside his fraternity house, unconscious from drinking.

"I think a lot of these guys are normal," says Adam Shyevitch, a senior who favors abolishing the Greek-letter system. "One thing I've gotten out of this is that so many people don't have a clear image of when things are just wrong."

Those who defend the Greek-letter system, like senior Todd Betke, a Phi Tau member and president of the Interfraternity/Sorority Council, argue against a ban at Colgate by saying the fraternities aren't exclusionary (since 55 percent of students belong) and don't foster sexism, racism, violence or other abuses. "There are incidents that people who are members of these institutions take part in, but that is not what the institutions stand for," Betke says.

And Betke's right. Most fraternity chapters stress social service over socializing and virtually all have removed discriminatory language from their membership codes. Many houses cite as their chief assets their good works, the career importance of their alumni networks (George Bush and Dan Quayle were DKEs at their colleges) and what they call the "management skills" that their members learn. Still, it's not the blood drives, charity fund-raisers or improved résumé potential that brings in new members; it's an attraction to a culture that often seems to say, "Become one of us and you'll get loaded, you'll get laid, you'll become a man."

Yet, as Grabois asks, are such attitudes due to the specific nature of fraternities? Certainly, young men sometimes form groups that express hostility toward women, African-Americans, homosexuals or anyone not exactly like themselves. These groups may be an informal cluster of friends or have a structure, as do fraternities, athletic teams and gangs. Fraternities, though, are especially dangerous because of the sheer number of men who join them (far greater than the number who belong to athletic teams); because they

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are socially approved and even admired groups (as opposed to gangs); and because members must show unquestioning loyalty (unlike casual friends).

Despite all the "good deeds" news clippings that fraternities and their alumni trot out, most fraternity cultures are still centered on proving manhood in accordance with three basic beliefs: that women are sex objects to be manipulated at will; that drinking and drug-taking are endurance sports; and that all nonmembers, be they other male students, professors or college administrators, are deficient weenies. Because fraternities are essentially closed shops, both morally and intellectually, members are unlikely to have those beliefs disputed in any way they will find convincing.

Some schools, including Colgate, have tried imposing reforms, but those efforts have largely failed. However, the decision to eliminate Greek-letter systems altogether is still a hard one for most schools to make. "I don't think any campus is ever ready for it to happen," says James Reynolds, a psychology professor and chair of the Faculty Affairs Committee at Colgate. Schools worry that such bans will anger alumni and jeopardize donations as well as cause housing and recreation shortages that the colleges will then have to remedy. Nonetheless, Franklin and Marshall College in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, took the plunge last year. It withdrew all material support (a full-time administrator, use of facilities, programming and other aid), although most fraternities continue to maintain privately owned houses off campus. Despite the fears beforehand, alumni donations show a slight increase this year. Franklin and Marshall has increased social-event funding and may open a student entertainment center. "We're going to make the college programs and facilities the best we can," says its president, Richard Kneedler, "and the fraternities are not in our plans."

The fact that fraternities are flourishing on campuses today is not an argument to allow them to exist. Although increased diversity at universities may frighten some students into retreating to reassuringly familiar and homogeneous groups, schools need not support such a backlash. Those fraternity members who are truly committed to public-service projects can volunteer directly, through the American Red Cross or literacy programs, while those interested in developing management skills can gain all they want in open-membership student government groups. In short, there is no benefit offered by most Greek-letter groups that does not already exist in a better form, or could not easily be developed, on any college campus. Amherst and Colby Colleges, like Franklin and Marshall, recently severed their Greek-letter systems. There's no reason that the same couldn't happen at other schools where scholarship and social diversity are valued and the inherently destructive influence of fraternities is finally recognized.

At Colgate, the question of eliminating the Greek-letter system remains under review, but there are signs that more and more people feel the fraternity culture no longer has a place in a modern university. Says Professor Reynolds, "What has surprised me was the number of faculty who [previously] supported fraternities feeling the time has come for a change." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

The Long Arc of the Years

PETER SCHRAG

There is, somewhere out there, the makings of a theory that baseball nostalgia is the nationalism of liberals. A couple of months ago, for example, novelist Wilfrid Sheed, in a *New York Times* piece lamenting filmmakers' difficulties with the game, described one movie, *Field of Dreams*, as a "threnody to the 60's when all the yuppies were very young, and the yippiest of them had adopted baseball if only because it wasn't football, the Sport of Hawks."

There is a crude truth here; most good baseball books and films (as opposed to the thousands of as-told-to books published each year), threnodic or not, are celebrations of the great American pastoral and, as such, mine veins of remembrance. But with people like Sheed working the same territory—or more obviously yet, the conservative columnist George Will, who has his own baseball book coming out in February 1990—it can hardly be described as the exclusive province of the left. Almost all good baseball literature—Mark Harris's Henry Wiggen novels, Donald Hall's essays, Roger Kahn's *The Boys of Summer* and *Good Enough to Dream*, Rolfe Humphries's wonderful poem "Polo Grounds," John Updike's classic piece about Ted Williams's last game, "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu"—is brushed with sentimentality. *Bull Durham*, which Sheed likes and which truly is a wonderful film, and *Eight Men Out* are as sentimental (about small country towns full of country boys, in the one case; about cities and the end of American innocence, in the other) as *Field of Dreams*. The only difference is that *Bull Durham* cares more about baseball itself; but that hardly undercuts the point. If there is any theory to be tested here, it's that serious baseball literature, in film as well as print, is the Great American Nostalgia not just of liberals but of many postwar writers and intellectuals.

And so it is with this new crop of books, which are all searches for a time past and which, at least in the cases of David Halberstam and George V. Higgins, seem to have been undertaken in large measure, as Halberstam acknowledges, for the personal pleasure of their authors. That pleasure is multilayered, as is common in baseball writing: In revisiting the great games and stars of another time, we not only revisit our youth—fathers and sons at ball games, fathers and sons (as Donald Hall says) playing catch, "the long arc of the years between"—but reassure ourselves about the continuity of our lives and history, "joining the long generations of all the fathers and all the sons." For most Americans (including I suspect many more fathers and daughters than the myth allows) there is little that serves time and history as reliably and comprehensibly as baseball.

IN THIS REVIEW

SUMMER OF '49. *By David Halberstam. William Morrow. 304 pp. $21.95.*

THE PROGRESS OF THE SEASONS: Forty Years of Baseball in Our Town. *By George V. Higgins. Henry Holt. 228 pp. $18.95.*

AFTER THE MIRACLE: The 1969 Mets Twenty Years Later. *By Maury Allen. Franklin Watts. 260 pp. $17.95.*

Halberstam, in *Summer of '49*, is concerned with the American League pennant race between a Yankee team that included, among other stars, Joe DiMaggio, Tommy Henrich and Phil Rizzuto and the Red Sox of Ted Williams, Bobby Doerr and Johnny Pesky, a race that wasn't decided until the last scheduled game of the season. But of course Halberstam's pleasure wasn't just in talking to his childhood heroes (all but the reclusive DiMaggio, who refused to be interviewed), and thus reconstructing, with his customary thoroughness and sense of drama, what they thought and did during the season's crucial games. It's also in recalling the years, beginning in 1939—he was 5 then—when his father took him to Yankee Stadium, and when baseball, for him as for thousands of others, provided the order and security that his life otherwise lacked. There was, Halberstam says, something special about those seasons before the jet, television and the expansion draft. The teams were still traveling by train; there was, of course, no major league baseball west of St. Louis, nor was there much television, except maybe at the corner tavern. The lives of players riding those trains—Chicago, Cleveland, Boston, Washington—and the scores coming in by radio, inning by inning, from distant ball parks, were themselves the stuff of romance.

And yet there was obviously something else as well. "Sitting with my father in that beautiful ball park and listening to him explain the game are among my clearest memories of the time we spent together," Halberstam writes. There was Uncle Harry, who had season tickets to the Red Sox at Fenway Park, right behind first base, where he could see the players' faces up close as they made the turn at first. And then there was the move, after the war, from the Bronx to the Westchester suburbs, where Halberstam didn't feel accepted and where, "at loose ends in most of the rest of my life . . . the world of baseball seemed infinitely more real and appealing than the world around me."

Halberstam is too good a reporter not to acknowledge the demons that he retrospectively discovers in his adolescent Eden: the tormenting and exclusion of players who didn't fit the mold; the ruthlessness of a Yankee management that ran the club not for love but for money; and, most of all, the racism, not only within the two teams that he loves the most but in the game in general—the vicious hazing that the first black players encountered on the Brooklyn Dodgers, both from opponents and from some of their own teammates; the cities where players like Jackie Robinson and Roy Campanella had to stay in separate hotels and eat in separate restaurants. It's probably true, as Halberstam says, that in failing to recruit black players the Yankees and the Red Sox brought on their own subsequent decline (both passed up the chance to sign Willie Mays). But what he cannot fully deal with is that as we get close to the tension and personalities that forty years ago we got mostly on the radio, from the likes of Mel Allen and Red Barber, the romance begins to diminish. It's not good to get too close.

Peter Schrag is editorial page editor of the Sacramento Bee.

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George Higgins consciously avoids the demons in his garden: He will not, he says, write about racism—perhaps as endemic to Boston, to this day, as anywhere in America—because "I do not pay my way into Fenway Park in order to subject myself to an uplifting and morally improving spiritual experience." So much for baseball as the exclusive province of liberals. At the same time, in *The Progress of the Seasons* he makes no bones about the fact that each time he goes to the game—the game, of course, being played by the Red Sox—"I can also see myself as a child, sitting between my father and my grandfather in third- or fourth-row seats out beyond the right field foul pole on a hot summer Sunday back in 1951." It is in fact his theme, a sweet leitmotif in which youth and age and growing up are measured by nothing so much as the progress of the Red Sox seasons: the ceremony of initiation as he watches John and Charlie, father and grandfather, enter the lineups on the scorecard; how "I think of them whenever I get mad about the team. How angry they used to get" when their team failed them; how the Red Sox "were among the codes that we used to reassure one another that indeed we realized we shared life and appreciated the company." The book, as he says, seeks to be a "memoir and a meditation" on all the associations that the team and ball park evoke. Along the way, it is also a love song to John and Charlie, sung in one of the few ways that American culture allows such love to be expressed.

The book doesn't always succeed, in part because John and Charlie can't carry the whole thing, leaving Higgins too much space to stuff with unrelated personal digressions about his family and schooling and relatives, and about forty years of uninteresting ballplayers whom we don't care much about, and in part because Higgins is too eager to tell everything he's learned about the strategic aspects of the game that the statisticians have developed, and that he's discovered, in the meantime.

One can understand how any true Red Sox fan, waiting for a first World Series championship since 1918, coming frustratingly close three or four times in the past two decades (in 1986 ultimate victory was a single strike away) can become obsessive about the metaphysics and theology of what seems to be grim fate. "It was as a Red Sox fan," in Halberstam's words, that Bartlett Giamatti, Renaissance scholar and former presi-

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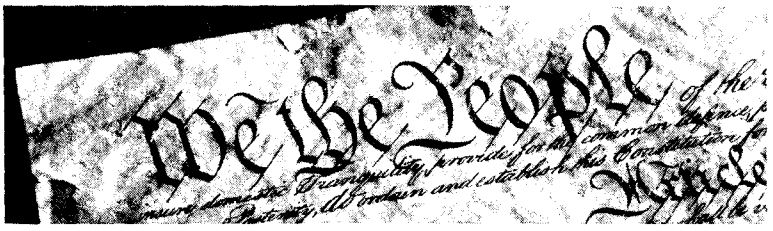

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dent of Yale University, now the Commissioner of Baseball, "first learned that man is fallen, and that life is filled with disappointment. The path to comprehending Calvinism in modern America, he decided, begins at Fenway Park." Unfortunately, however, Higgins sometimes can't resist the temptation to convert tragedy into science and managerial strategy. "Even when they were ten games out, with eleven left to play," he says about grandfather Charlie, "he expected them to win. As much as he loved the sport, he did not know how to watch the game."

Maybe yes, maybe no. If George doesn't come to the ball park for moral edification, why not allow Charlie to eschew mathematics? What's certain is that when Higgins does resist hyperanalysis he succeeds wonderfully: The non-Red Sox fan who chooses to live in New England, he writes,

> has chosen for himself, I think, a path of desolate, mute wanderings down through his remaining decades. No matter where he goes, whether on an evening stroll among the catwalks of the yacht basin in Nantucket Harbor, out for Sunday dinner at a small inn in Vermont, down to the fish market near the water at Ogonquit, or into a gas station hard by Tanglewood, he will hear . . . the same laconic badinage from [radio broadcasters] Coleman and Castiglione that will assault him in the drugstore. If he wants the island sunset, he gets the Red Sox with it. If he wants Chateaubriand, fine; the Red Sox come with that. A little night music, sir? Absolutely. New England can supply it—with, of course, the Red Sox. . . . If he stops in a bar for a cold beer, he will get pictures, too, and every word and image will reconfirm for him the fact that he's in worse shape than even pitiless S.T. Coleridge dared inflict upon his Ancient Mariner.

It is a world of a million Johns and Charlies, for whom baseball, beginning with the first immigrant experience, is near the very core of one's identity as an American. The reader who does not understand that this is social history as revealing as, say, a description of the tribalism of the Boston Irish or the political clout of Cardinal Cushing will never understand America.

Still, if for the Red Sox fan frustration was a route to the comprehension of tragedy, for the old Brooklyn Dodger or New York Giants fan, who was much more likely to be a Jewish socialist from Flatbush or the Grand Concourse, it was also more likely to reinforce the lessons of economic and social inequality. Among many others, Ira Glasser, the executive director of the American Civil Liberties Union, has always maintained, not entirely in jest, that if you really were one of the people back in the good old days, you were a Dodger fan. Only gray corporate types rooted for the Yankees, a team so well oiled and organized, so loaded with home-run hitters, so committed to raw power that it couldn't possibly appeal to those who cared for the underdog. Eventually, of course, the Dodgers and Giants left New York for California and the Mets inherited not only their fans but some of the populist passion—altogether different from Yankee loyalties, and different also from those of Red Sox fans—and the social attitudes that informed them. When, in 1969, their eighth season, the so-called Miracle Mets won their first pennant and even more miraculously their first World Series (four games to one, over Baltimore), it not only helped win John Lindsay's liberal administration another four years in City Hall but was widely regarded by some New York liberals (against all sense) as a token of more fundamental changes to come.

Unfortunately, Maury Allen, revisiting the 1969 Mets twenty years later in *After the Miracle*, misses most of that. In focusing on the players and coaches two decades after what was for all but a handful their one moment of glory, the team, the season and the meaning get lost. In intention the book is reminiscent of *The Boys of Summer*, Roger Kahn's gem about the Dodgers of the 1950s. But in its failure to be much more than a set of ordinary interviews with rather ordinary people—so many deaths, so many divorces—it is evidence that it is not only the game and players that create the myth but rather the special language, writing and imagination surrounding baseball. Maury Allen is a capable sportswriter. But he is not Roger Angell or Roger Kahn.

And yet with the Mets of 1969, the task was probably impossible anyway. The Miracle Mets were, for that reason alone, flashes of a moment, statistical flukes, George Higgins might remind us. Having, as an inept expansion team, been the butt of farce, they won almost despite themselves—victory, too, as farce—and whatever political significance their victory might have conjured up in some of their fans' heated imaginations, it was hardly enough for apotheosis. They were not the Brooklyn Dodgers of the 1950s and certainly were not the stuff of nostalgia, let alone tragedy. Ron Swoboda was not Carl Furillo or Duke Snider; Al Weis was no Jackie Robinson. Tom Seaver or Nolan Ryan (who pitches to this day) are deservedly candidates for the Hall of Fame. But theirs was the baseball of expanded, ever-changing leagues, the million-dollar salaries, the lawyers and agents. They played very much on this side of the golden haze that myth requires.

Maybe, a couple of decades from now, the perspective will change. Perhaps every generation of 50-year-old male writers will successfully seek out the same childhood pleasures as Higgins and Halberstam. But I doubt it. We have had a rash of serious attempts at good baseball books and films (most of which, in turn, are based on novels) in the past few years. Hollywood, until *Bang the Drum Slowly*, did nothing with the national pastime but embarrass itself. Those works all celebrate the same unifying American myth, unifying in the social as well as the geographic sense: the Whitman-like embrace of Roy Hobbs's last fatal home run in *The Natural*; the time-defying injunction, in *Field of Dreams*, that "If you build it, he will come." The "it" is a putative ballyard in the midst of an Iowa cornfield; the "he" is Shoeless Joe Jackson, star of the Chicago White Sox, banished forever from baseball in the Black Sox gambling scandal of 1919, also the subject of *Eight Men Out*, in which he is portrayed as much as victim as perpetrator. If you believe, Joe Jackson and his teammates will come back—do come back—from the past, from the dead, to play. Innocence regained.

No other sport has that evocative potential, because no other is so deeply rooted in our lives and history or in the link between generations. Baseball is fathers and sons; and, as Hall says, "football is brothers beating each other up in the backyard, violent and superficial." But the literature also seems to proclaim the end of something. Even if the game remains the same, its context and associations change. It is television, not father and grandfather, or Red Barber and Mel Allen, that now introduces us to its mysteries and, worse, overexposes and thus demystifies them. With each season, loyalty requires more suspension of disbelief. It is our sense of those very changes, I think, that now makes books like Hal-

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berstam's so poignant and movies like *Bull Durham* so successful. There may not again be any collective memory comparable to the one now receding. And yet who can be sure? "The man in the crowd," wrote Rolfe Humphries, is older every season. But "the crowd and the players are the same age always." □

In the Right Light

RICHARD HOWARD

MOVING PICTURES. *By Anne Hollander. Alfred A. Knopf. 512 pp. $29.95.*

A rapt meditation on the senses of "graphic" and "moving" as these words are applied to pictures, Anne Hollander's *Moving Pictures* canters through Western representation from the *Arnolfini Wedding* to *Full Metal Jacket*. She searches the history of art, as she says, "for the kinds of picture that attempted and prefigured what cinema later actually did, and that form a background and foundation for movies." Sometimes, as though we were Hamlet's mother, Hollander merely points and says, "Look here upon this picture and on this," relying on her copious black-and-whites to do the job. But for the most part she invokes a sturdier interpreter, her own vehement and apothegmatic style, exemplified by the following:

> As in any situation where a great deal of art is produced, most of what was done was bad, and much of what was bad was popular and sold well.
>
> . . .
>
> The dress of people whose sexual feelings we are meant to take seriously is always a perfect example of a particular fashionable ideal. . . . understanding of fashion [is] the true sign of sexual understanding.
>
> . . .
>
> All the ways of using the moving picture to move the feelings—were founded on earlier methods for doing the same thing with still pictures. . . . Like painting in the Northern tradition, the film aim is unmediated vision.

As the last example suggests, she has learned from literary critics (here Geoffrey Hartman) as well as art historians (Meyer Schapiro, Michael Fried, Svetlana Alpers), and she takes modulations of the poets (Shelley, Shakespeare, E.A. Robinson) in her stride, or rather her glide. This is the visionary recital of a seer so caught up by her great theme ("A cinematic art also invests natural appearances with their own absolute meaning, and then incorporates the viewer into the universe these appearances create") that she need not stumble over the apparent contradictions that mere facts disclose: "Cinema . . . was officially born in France," though "America [is] the natural home of the movies." Thus, "natural" will require—and get—some explaining. Though the incidentals, the gradual insights, the by-the-way perceptions of specific artists and movements are remarkable, it is more to the point to remark that Hollander has, rather in the manner of Lord Clark on *The Nude*, braided all her discoveries into the dramatization of her theme, the articulation of that proto-cinematic tradition which would render both real and fantastic material, sacred and secular, in terms of optical experience rather than formal ideals:

> The viewer is engaged by the subject itself, never by art's traditional view of it or by the artist's power over it, which stands in for God's power over the ordering and meaning of human life.

Eleven years ago, in this magazine, I wrote about Anne Hollander's first book, *Seeing Through Clothes*. I was prompted by her passionate perceptions and more than passing knowledge to remark that such books as hers (the books I compared hers to were Hannah Arendt's *The Human Condition* and Charles Rosen's *The Classical Style*) are read because their authors are not so often right as they are imaginatively possessed by their material and by a mastery of their subject in both senses of mastery. We, in turn, must submit to the force of mind exerted, the joy of understanding.

Yet that first study, whose principal charge was that clothes and the bodies divested of them are experienced through art, was nowhere near so centrally unified as *Moving Pictures*—it was so encyclopedic in its eager, crowding perceptions that it risked miscellany. Its many brilliant chapters on drapery, nudity, costume, undress, mirrors and so on,

Richard Howard's most recent book of poetry, No Traveller, *has just been published by Alfred A. Knopf. He is Ropes Professor of Comparative Literature at the University of Cincinnati.*

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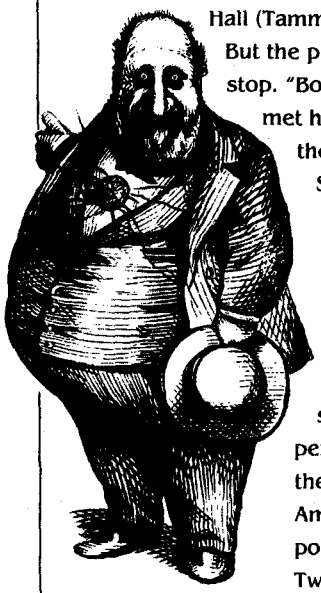

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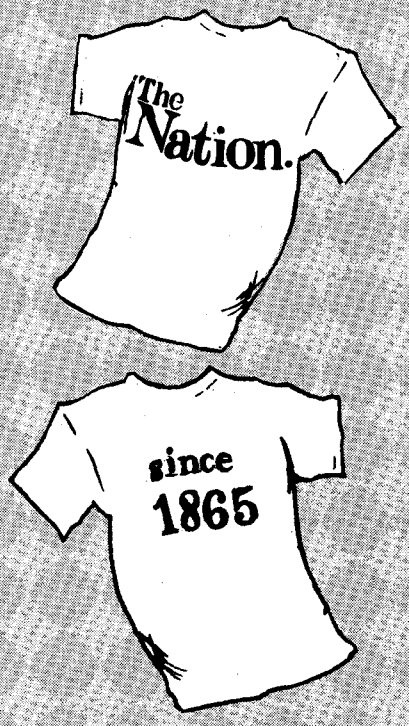

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though they richly enhance our response to art and indeed to culture, lack the command, the fulfilled character, of this second work. Here, with exuberant authority, Hollander has traced out an entire psychology of vision, "a drama of imminent disclosure and incipient revelation," by working through subjects and centuries—Watteau and Whistler, Tiepolo and Goya, John Martin and Thomas Eakins—with aphoristic *sprezzatura*. Though I have known the author most of my life, and feel bound to declare so much of an interest, I could never have divined that she might produce such a work as *Moving Pictures*, so grandly organized around a luminous core, the notion that for a certain kind of art, mere visibility is a significant story in itself.

Moving Pictures has a single, obsessive subject—that enterprise of painting which would "mythologize the whole world simply by putting a few phenomena in the right light"—rather than many powerful interests, and that is what enables its diversity of reference to function so unifyingly. There is no incidental quality to remarks as striking as: "Movies now show, as Turner did first, how real smoke and real anxiety may produce an equally real and indistinguishable kind of blur, and at the same moment." And when Hollander says that Eakins "could show the influence of those inward tides for which music so often stands, and which it so often accompanies in movies themselves," we realize that the author has indeed labored to describe a totalizing impulse, one that encloses all her observations, so that there are no local colors in her argument about "paintings that look not like photographs but like frames from hypothetical movies."

I suspect that all sorts of art-historical holes can be poked through the glistening fabric of Hollander's vision—but what would be the use of adding holes to a net? The purpose here is to recognize the effect in art of "a 'handless eye' . . . as if paint had nothing to do with it." And never again can we look at movies—in which "an empty room and a distant valley can be the image of a state of mind"—without the *realization* of a certain art, that chiefly Northern tradition of representation which has specialized in "that special kind of stare, which seems to constitute a question and a quest." Conversely, we can never again look at a painter like Goya without a sense of "that unique combination of casual phenomena with charged encounters that movies depend on." Hollander's analysis does have its particularly knotty passages, as in her consideration of graphic expression. For the spread of printed pictures enabled—perhaps compelled—the painters she calls "cinematic" to make no distinction of value between painterly and graphic expression; hence Hollander must cast her nets very wide, however narrow the mesh, to prepare for the advent of film. We follow her through the labyrinths of Piranesi, English and French prints, and right up to Doré (who "invented an everyday brand of fantasy as effective as Disney's, and rather similar"). The final assessment of American movies is perhaps the most complex of these insights, but it gives a good sense of Hollander's enthralled prose, and I quote one paragraph in its entirety:

> But the example set by painters could be followed only much later in the history of American film, after lessons in psychological atmosphere had been learned from more sophisticated film-makers in Europe, Russia, and Japan, and after American geniuses with the stature of Griffith (Orson Welles being the prime example) had helped to push the cinematic medium itself toward greatness along American paths. Paintings, the "cinematic" kind I have been tracking, were already a source for illustrators; but only when American movies began to outstrip illustration did they find themselves right back in painterly territory, confronting the same problems of how to render continuing drama inside a frame in terms of immediate phenomena. Such a similarity between painters' and film-makers' problems was not recognizable, however, in the context of American popular show business.

It has taken a thinker as subtle and probing as Hollander to arrive at such a recognition. Not since André Malraux's "Sketch for a Psychology of the Cinema" have I encountered so lively a theory. But where Malraux was content to emit sparks, brilliant *apercus* as to the distinctions between film and theater, film and still photography, film and painting, Hollander has tended a very consistent fire of perception. She limns the appeal in art to "unconscious feelings rather than to the conscious intelligence," the search for "infinite pictures rather than . . . finite theater," the proposal of a "costumed history instead of draped legend," and, over and above any detailed notice, the invocation of the

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sublime as "a cinematic ideal, because movement is implicit in it," so that—it is her most outrageous claim—"movies became the true religious painting of the secular modern world."

Moving Pictures does not propose a new way of seeing; it articulates an understanding of the old way which has never been recognized. That recognition will alter the way you look at most paintings and most movies. Moreover, it will be—on the basis of enacted knowledge, enthusiasm and love of art—a change for the better. □

A Death in the Family

ELLEN PERLEY FRANK

IT'S ALWAYS SOMETHING. *By Gilda Radner. Simon & Schuster. 269 pp. $17.95.*

Anyone who has not been brushed closely by cancer is only temporarily lucky. This complex disease family has long ranked as the number two killer of Americans. My father died of lung cancer in 1970, and I'll never forget how he cried whenever I came into the room. A childhood friend of mine lived through the same scenes when she was 14 and her father was dying of brain cancer. On May 20, that same friend died of ovarian cancer at the age of 42 and the news hit the front page. But thankfully Gilda Radner Wilder topped her career and her life with a bittersweet book that documents well the pain of having cancer and the struggle to fight it. The fact that she managed to find humor and joy during that fight is what makes this book so extraordinary.

Gilda and I first became friends in 1957, when I was in fifth grade and she was in sixth at the staid, all-white, all-girls Liggett School in Detroit. The friendship spanned the traumas and adventures of adolescence, and then we were roommates at the University of Michigan. Gilda would troop off to do children's theater while the rest of us went to demonstrations. She moved to Toronto with a relative of mine in 1969, and in the course of pursuing her acting career met two guys named Lorne Michaels and John Belushi. Gilda and I had dinner in New York in 1975; I was leaving for a year in Europe the next morning and she told me about an offer for a new late-night TV comedy show. When I returned to the United States, Gilda Radner was a household name. That show was of course *Saturday Night Live.*

Ellen Perley Frank is the editor of the newsletters "Sexually Transmitted Disease Bulletin" and "Transplant Management."

I stopped talking about Gilda when she became famous; most people displayed a lascivious curiosity if they learned that I knew her. In some sense, there was and is nothing to say because Gilda said it all. That woman we watched on television and the author of *It's Always Something* were the real Gilda Radner. Her *Saturday Night Live* characters reflected different parts of her past and personality. The brilliance of these characters lay in the fact that they were more than just Gilda Radner; they were archetypes of many women's frustrations, feelings of inadequacy, persistence and humor. But after four years of *Saturday Night Live*, Gilda had grown beyond those characters. She did them again in the Broadway show *Gilda Live*, and then after several years found a relationship that made her extremely happy. The marriage of Gilda and Gene Wilder, as revealed in *It's Always Something*, was right up there with that of Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz, and Alice and Ralph Kramden.

My friendship with Gilda involved the almost familial blend of closeness, distancing and occasional tension that comes with knowing someone most of your life. During the last few years, when she was sick, we didn't see each other but wrote frequently. If I didn't hear back in a few weeks I'd get nervous and write another letter, and always—when things got better or if she was able—she'd answer and let me know how she was. Many of her letters were about the book she was writing and what hard work it was. "I want to go back to television," she joked once. She thought she would live. The last letter, in late February, said, "I should be blooming by April."

Gilda Radner was the ultimate trouper; she stuck with what she did and she nearly always did it well and with a zestful sense of humor. *It's Always Something* is a book about a woman fighting cancer, but it is even more about the unconquerably funny, brave and compassionate Gilda herself and the friends and insights she gains in the course of battling the disease. Her story, unfortunately, had a premature ending, but the book itself exults in life.

It's Always Something hit number one on the best-seller lists in mid-July and is likely to stay there for a while. Is the book number one because Gilda was a famous and much-loved public figure; because Gilda was famous and died; or because it is a good book? All of the above, and personally I vouch for the third reason. This book is by no means a piece of Hollywood fluff; it is a good solid read, well-paced and -constructed with a chronological format that the author breaks out of at appropriate junctures. Many people will read it voyeuristically to get the inside scoop on a famous person's life and disease. But for me—and I speak not only as her friend but as a writer who has spent 95 percent of my time for the past six years writing about medicine—this is a book that eloquently and vividly offers a model of how to relate to illness and the possibility of death without losing courage, hope and joy.

Early in the book Gilda recalls her father's lingering last two years, with brain cancer and after a stroke. "The person disappeared but the shell was still there," she writes. When she became ill, she refused to become a reincarnation of that image. The book chronicles her life as an active and often relatively well patient, a woman who had good times and bad but thanks to her will and the support of friends, family, her husband and perhaps above all The Wellness Community (a cancer support organization) lived her life to the fullest.

The book amply documents the unavoidable depression, anxiety, fear and self-pity that accompany serious disease. But it is also a very funny book that captures well the events and many people—including her husband, nurses, physicians, technicians, fellow patients and a brilliant psychotherapist friend—that Gilda dealt with in this last part of her life. The blend of characters, introspection and medical information makes this a valuable book for cancer patients and their families and friends, as well as for physicians, many of whom could benefit from seeing cancer from the patient's perspective.

There's no denying that this is a chilling book; ovarian cancer is a particularly lethal type of the disease. The tone grows increasingly somber. An attempted quick read filled me with despair, but on the advice of a close friend of the author, I went back at it slowly, two chapters a night, which allowed me to take in

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the story without letting Gilda's eventual death overwhelm the book.

The greatest strength and greatest weakness of *It's Always Something* is its inward-focused and highly personal style. Though the medical information is accurate, the book might have been strengthened by a reach into an objective and empirical range that would give a broader understanding of ovarian cancer. The author, for example, never mentions how many American women develop ovarian cancer—20,000 every year, and 12,000 die annually. I longed for some mention of the standard terminology on the stages (extent or progression) of cancer. The book is written primarily in a vernacular that reflects Gilda's way of talking and thinking, but the style often cries out for polishing.

The two big but perhaps unanswerable questions are, What brought on the cancer, and Was death avoidable? Gilda, like most people with a serious disease, searched for a cause, felt guilty and angry, and wondered if she should or could blame herself. She writes, "Why me? . . . What did I do in my life that would cause this?" Cancer, as she points out often, is a disease in which the body is out of control, and the search for explanations is part of trying to gain control again.

Gilda lists her possible risks, but she never confronts the probabilities. So I called Dr. Mace Rothenberg, special assistant for clinical science at the division of cancer treatment at the National Cancer Institute, and ran Gilda's risk list by him. Dr. Rothenberg eliminated all the risk factors but two: living in an industrialized urban environment and a fairly extensive family history of cancer, including breast and ovarian cancer on the maternal side. He explained, "Ovarian cancer is much more common in industrialized nations, so there might be some relationship to living in an urban area. And ovarian cancer has been known to cluster in certain families." He explained that scarred tissue from a botched illegal abortion might account for her later fertility problems, but not the cancer.

When asked about the medical value of a cancer support group such as The Wellness Community, Dr. Rothenberg replied, "One of the most frightening things about this disease is that patients feel very, very alone and wonder whether their fears are abnormal. Cancer support groups are very important for overcoming this, and a book like Gilda Radner's would be very good for them to read."

Ovarian cancer is often difficult to detect. "Two-thirds of the women who develop ovarian cancer are not diagnosed until the disease is at an advanced stage," explained Dr. Rothenberg. But Gilda was seriously ill for more than a year before her by then very advanced cancer was diagnosed. Was this preventable?

Dr. M. Steven Piver, chief of the department of gynecologic oncology and director of the Familial Ovarian Cancer Registry at Roswell Park Memorial Institute in Buffalo, was unusually familiar with Gilda's case. He is the physician and friend of Lenore Goodman, Gilda's first cousin, who had ovarian and breast cancer and beat them. Dr. Piver pointed out that Gilda's maternal aunt died of ovarian cancer (not stomach cancer, as Gilda states in her book), and he said, "Your risk is very high with two close relatives. She had every symptom and a strong family history. Knowing all of the above, she could have been diagnosed earlier. It's very unfortunate because she had a lot more to do with her life."

A percentage of the profits from *It's Always Something* will go to The Wellness Community in Santa Monica, Cali-

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fornia. There are other such centers, and many, many people ill with cancer who will never write about it, or come close to having the support, insights, knowledge and money that Gilda Radner had. She knew that, and that was one of her primary reasons for writing this book. □

ART.

ARTHUR C. DANTO

Helen Frankenthaler

In her marvelous memoirs of life with Picasso, Françoise Gilot preserves a priceless anecdote about the treachery of inadvertently legible forms in art. It comes from the time when Braque and Picasso were coinventing Cubism, and with it, they hoped, an entirely new canon of pictorial representation. Braque was at work on an oval still life with characteristic Cubist content—a package of tobacco, a pipe and similar banal objects of common life. Picasso claimed he saw a squirrel in the painting. "Yes, I know, it's a paranoiac vision," he said,

> "But it so happens that I *see* a squirrel. That canvas is made to be a painting, not an optical illusion. Since people need to see something in it, you want them to see a package of tobacco, a pipe, and the other things you're putting in. But for God's sake get rid of that squirrel." Braque stepped back a few feet and looked carefully and sure enough, he too saw the squirrel, because that kind of paranoiac vision is extremely communicable.

Picasso went on to laugh at the way Braque fought the squirrel for eight or ten days, but the creature kept coming back, "because once it was in our minds it was almost impossible to get it out."

Pictorial representation is possible only because of the human eye's propensity to see forms in what is in effect only a marked surface. This is continuous with our disposition to see faces in clouds or snakes in glowing embers. Leonardo, in a celebrated passage of his notebooks, advises the painter with a flagging imagination to stare at an irregularly surfaced wall, stained and pitted and spotted, which will sooner or later resolve into strange profiles and landscapes swept by armies. Richard Wollheim, in his searching philosophical analysis of pictorial representation, *Painting as an Art*, gives central prominence to what he designates as "seeing-in," which, we all understand, the painter knows enough about to be able to control, modulating the surfaces of his or her work so that the eye will see in it only what the artist intends to be seen. But, as Picasso's malicious recollection underscores, there are limits to this control, and "seeing-in" can become, in his word, paranoiac.

Drawings and paintings are often filled with undeclared and unintended forms; in a recent troubling study *Interpreting Cézanne*, Sidney Geist finds so many of what he calls "cryptomorphs" that it is finally difficult not to suppose some secondary communication, especially when, as he demonstrates, there are so many punning connections between morph and cryptomorph. One of my children, when small, was convinced there was a penguin in Picasso's etching *The Frugal Repast*, which in fact shows two emaciated figures from the Blue Period, a heel of bread and half a bottle of wine—there certainly would be no pictorial room for a penguin as the third partaker of their reduced collation. Even if Braque's squirrel was cryptomorphic, he would have had to kill it once he became conscious that it was there. So would Picasso have had to kill the penguin, and Cézanne have had to rid his drawing of Pissaro of the cryptomorphically present penis Geist identifies.

Picasso's discovery of the unwelcome squirrel was not without that touch of wicked satisfaction so typical of his personality: He and Braque were collaborators, to be sure, but they were also competitors, and it must have given him a certain mean pleasure to watch Braque's struggles to eradicate the rodent and restore the vision it corrupted. But there were other and more serious artistic considerations. Cubism is an essentially representationalist art. Abstraction, to be sure, had not yet been explicitly invented, but its possibility was in the air (though neither artist was ever tempted by it when it became an available option). But Cubism requires a certain stability in its objects, simply because so much is happening within the pictorial space, with subjects fragmented into facets and planes, that the eye, always in danger of getting lost, requires a set of stable visual cues to know what the work is about, and hence to be able to appreciate just what modification the Cubist has induced. So the objects need to be recognizable and prototypical.

I suppose an earlier Dutch painter would have been able to insinuate a squir-

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rel among the tankards, pipes, loaves and tobacco jars of his virtuoso representations, the way a cat will be found painted among the oysters. For all one knows there might be a pungent Dutch proverb linking the squirrel to the objects of such a still life. But the space within which those objects are displayed would be like the picture's surface, transparent and in effect invisible in the ordinary transactions of artistic perception—something we "see through" to put alongside Wollheim's "seeing-in," making use of another collusive capacity painters have counted on in the history of illusion. But it would immediately make a Cubist work ambiguous if the eye were to find a squirrel in its novel spaces; it would suggest that the pipe and tobacco package might themselves be paranoiac visions. Rationalizing space and form as he did, Braque had to dominate his painting absolutely. He had to battle such incursions or his work would have been destabilized, like a painting of a rabbit that keeps slipping into the undesired shape of a duck.

With the work of Helen Frankenthaler, on the other hand, the inadvertent visitation of real forms only underscores an essential abstraction. Their appearance does not jar with other appearances, or harmonize with them, and she can either keep her squirrels as visually piquant notes, or decide to get rid of them because of dissonances they may set up with the system of dots and splashes to which she has attempted to give formal coherence as a matter of abstract composition. Her work, inherently improvisational, a matter of making a start somewhere and then seeing what happens through the sustained act of painting, of seeing what latent structure asserts itself through the surface dispositions, has, at its best, something of the quality of inspired jazz. The difference is that the jazz artist begins with a known structure, which Frankenthaler only discovers when the painting has achieved itself through her mediations.

In the disassembling of chords into their components and rearranging them in conformity with the defining principles of harmony, it may suddenly happen in jazz that some notes fit themselves into an utterly familiar melody—an air, something one can sing and has sung, like "Mary Had a Little Lamb" or "O Tannenbaum." The jazz player may seize upon this found melodic object for a moment, repeat it, vary it, play it with mock feeling as if it were meant—and then the foolishly familiar melody dissolves away into more abstract progressions, never to return, though it is these phrases we often wait for when we listen to records, and which give us a curious delight. Something of the same sort can happen accidentally when one paints fast and fluidly, depositing shapes of no known or recognizable or meaningful form, nothing from the pictorial lexicon of everyday life: Suddenly, unforeseen, a blunt star or snow shovel appears, or a cursive *M*. Or the space between forms, like the sea between continents, takes on the shape of a human profile, a familiar peninsula like Italy or a squirrel with a bushy tail. And then, after the fact, like a jazz player, a painter can decide to mean the shape, treat it as a gift and begin to structure something around it until, once again, abstract and compositional impulses take over and it gets abandoned as such in the further progress of the work.

Something like this happened in Frankenthaler's *Swan Lake I* of 1961, for example, in which a mere white space switched itself into a swan. I do not know if Frankenthaler could have painted the bird with as much conviction as a matter of representational intention. "I started with blue, and a rather arbitrary beginning," she recalls. (I quote from the catalogue of E.A. Carmean Jr. that accompanies the retrospective of her work appearing at the Museum of Modern Art in New York City until August 20.) "At some point I recognized the birdlike shape—I was ready for it—and I developed it from there."

It is quite hard to see how the notion of development is to be taken in this work. We can see several swans, though whether they would be there even to paranoiac vision without the one unmistakable swan is difficult to say. The painting contains an inner square, the geometry of which contrasts deliciously with the fitful irregularity with which its sides are broken and blobbed. Within the square are some white forms which the eye can see as swans if the mind wishes. Does the square then mark the boundaries of a lake? Is the lettucy green swath about a third of the way up from the bottom of the square and equidistant from its two sides meant as water weed? Is it botanical at all? And what about the black form at the left that has quit the square and has the shape a dried swan might make if hung in the window of a food shop in Chinatown? Or are the rhythms and harmonies just rhythms and harmonies, form answering to form as form, color to color as color, so that the painting's development has nothing to do with any kind of semiological concatenation of pictomorphs and is to be understood as design, and nonreferentially? Or both?

A Whitney Darrow Jr. cartoon of some years back shows a pair of his characteristically dim and dumpy suburban women in a gallery of abstract paintings. One of them says, "Oh, look! I think I see a little bunny." She is probably exercising paranoiac vision. It is inconceivable that an abstract painter would expend all the energy required, brush and puddle and fling that much pigment over so considerable an area, and in the end seize upon a little bunny rabbit like a lifesaver and throw that onto the turbulent surface to keep viewers from drowning in it. The spoofed painter must have fought like Braque to stifle the alien rabbit. (What a wonderful animated cartoon this would make!) But I have the sense that Frankenthaler accepted pictomorphs. I am not sure she courted them, but they were made welcome if they dropped in, unless they were too uncouth. For they gave her opportunities for unforeseen developments that may in any other sense be quite abstract, creating rather than capturing a feeling, which in the case at hand might be the feeling poetically connoted by *Swan Lake I*. Nevertheless, you are not supposed to count the swans, ask how deep the lake is or whether the black shape is a black swan or what. It may be "or what."

But the critical literature on Frankenthaler is devoted to the kind of interpretation that Susan Sontag was famously against: efforts to work from some clear pictomorph out to morphs of less

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and less clear identity until a coherent reading can be given of the whole, to which the original pictomorph must be the key. Consider *Eden* of 1956. It has three pale green verticals and some salmon pink curves, a few of which collect into a pictomorph if one is desperate to find meaning, and indeed the pictomorph of an apple if the title is construed as a hermeneutical hint. Then the green verticals must be trees and, if this is Eden, one of them has to be the tree of Knowledge and another the tree of Immortality. So then the raised red hand *has to be the hand of God saying STOP!* And at once the painting is reduced from a fusion of pale and fluid forms (a bit on the messy side), to a biblical cartoon of Genesis, which we pore over for further clues. Where are Adam and Eve? The serpent? The angel with the sword? Since so much is accounted for, the rest must have an identity we have not yet found. I can hear one of Darrow's Thursday-afternoon aesthetes cry out that she thinks she sees a daisy.

But what are we to do with the numeral "100" twice inscribed? It is a mystery only against the background of such identifications. Frankenthaler says, a shade disingenuously, that she only meant to contrast straight and curved lines, and "A single straight vertical line followed by the two circles becomes '100.'" But "100" is a leximorph: Only someone afflicted with aphasia (or a computer programmed in shape recognition) could see it as a straight line followed by two circles, for the same reason that anyone not so afflicted (or programmed) will see the handlike shape as a hand. There is a point at which seeing and reading are cognate activities, which is why there are hieroglyphic scripts. It is difficult for the artist to plead innocent and accuse of paranoia those who see 1 followed by 0 and then 0 as 100. What she can accuse the critics of is pressing past these obvious and inescapable recognitions to give a sustained reading of the painting as a text, as if abstraction in the end were only a tease and a puzzle, the solution to which is a realistic landscape or something of the sort.

The Frankenthaler retrospective opens, appropriately enough, with the famous *Mountains and Sea* of 1952, a painting too beautiful, to use an old-fashioned word, to regard merely as a historical moment in the march forward of the Modernists, and too compelling, as beauty always is, to see only as a work that influenced some important artists to begin staining canvas. It is beyond question big with a future that would have been invisible when it was made, and so for us big with a past, momentous in the style wars of thirtysomething years ago. But it is worth the effort to try to see it as it must have been seen before the later history happened, as a cool composition of slender loops passing in and out of diaphanous washes of color—pale greens and blues and pinks—distantly Cubist but feminized, without the harsh angles, aggressive edges and dangerous vertices. It is like a dance of seven veils. As a matter of biography, *Mountains and Sea* was inspired by a trip to Nova Scotia, but it could as easily be seen as a still life rather than a landscape or not read referentially at all. The picture in the catalogue looks as if it could be a reproduction of an aquarelle. The great achievement, here as in the work that followed it for nearly a quarter-century, consists of Frankenthaler's adaptation of the fluidity and transparency of washes over drawn lines, and the luminosity of thin glazes without the fat opacities of oil paint, to the scale of the large canvas, then the format of the Abstract Expressionists. But it would be a wonderful painting even if it had had none of its subsequent influence, and there are passages in it I cannot see too frequently. The string of drips in the upper right corner, for example, allow an archipelago of vibrant dots to form, the brush having discharged its delicate load and then, perhaps, descended to make the streak of pale blue in which the archipelago reappears, faintly, as a dot and then another paler dot. That is as beautiful as painting gets.

As a visual narrative of Frankenthaler's artistic life unfolds through work after work of the same order of beauty as *Mountains and Sea* but more confident, less diffident and increasingly tasteful, one realizes that their collective aesthetic is more that of drawing than of painting in oils, even as that has been revolutionized and redefined through the Abstract Expressionist approach to paint. Part of the beauty has to do with the fact that the canvases are treated much as paper is treated in drawing, where the uniform neutral color of the paper, behind and within forms, gives a unity to the work and often a brilliance to the hues it sets off. Frankenthaler's forms, moreover, stay on the surface by visibly soaking into it: Often they are shadowed by an aureole of tinted turpentine, because of dif-

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ferent chemicals being absorbed at different rates, as in paper chromotography. And that continually reminds us that this is canvas, inhibiting any propensity on our part to treat the space illusionistically. Even when the forms remind us of Gorky or Miró or Motherwell, those artists characteristically deploy such forms in illusionistic space, however shallow. But Frankenthaler's forms remain, as if they were writing, on the surface. The edges of illusionistic space are never included in the space they define: There is no more room for the edges of the canvas in a depiction of the Resurrection or the Adoration than for a squirrel in a Cubist still life of tobacco and pipe. But the edges *can* be part of a surface, and Frankenthaler, as if to demonstrate this, occasionally claims the edges for her forms. Even when the surface is completely flooded with color, so that none of its native whiteness or buff shows through as raw canvas, one remains conscious of it through the transparent pools and washes.

All this changes, radically and for the worse, in the work of the late 1970s. Before that, the canvas itself was a medium, as paper is in drawing: Degas exploited the greens and blues of the treated papers he drew on, but their color was never part of the color of the images he evoked on their surfaces. The color of a surface used as a medium is an enormous given for an artist, something to work with that has not had to be worked for. Wittgenstein, in his eccentric "Remarks on Colour," raises the question of why there cannot be a transparent white. The white of white paper in a drawing is invisible as far as the images on it are concerned; one does not count it in as part of the image, as with the greens and blues of Degas's papers. It is like air. But after 1976 Frankenthaler begins to use white opaquely, as paint, and her surfaces, in losing transparency, visibly deaden. One sees her wrestling with Wittgenstein's problem, trying to thin her whites down, as if to get them to become transparent. But chemistry works against her: The thinned white becomes ugly and the particles of pigment do not emulsify.

But then, in the later works, everything is altered. Since the paint is used opaquely, the canvas no longer breathes through it. It is scraped rather than floated on. The forms have lost their fluid, dilating vitality. Space becomes illusionistic, and the edges are no longer available for her forms. It is as if Frankenthaler has turned her back on everything that had made her Frankenthaler, perhaps because it had begun to seem to her too easy or not serious enough. I cannot imagine these newer works being taken seriously had they been made by someone other than her. One of them is called, appropriately, *Grey Fireworks* (1982). But a gray flash is like a transparent white—no flash at all. I do not know why her painting took this turn, but it was not a happy one. Through much of her life as an artist Frankenthaler was blessed, being at one with her gifts and at one with her times. In these later works she is instead driven by will. □

LETTERS.

(*Continued From Page 190*)

civilians in the back. *The Post* printed nothing from Claiborne, but an article in *The Times* (April 18) by Wren cited Namibian "accusations" of "reported brutality," and readers were assured that "there is no evidence that the South African military . . . encouraged such . . . misconduct." Even a *Star* editorial (April 20), which did try to defend the S.A.D.F., used the word "atrocities."

Almost all U.S. reporting from southern Africa in the corporate mainstream is bad. The bottom line for the editorial writers and probably for the reporters too is that the A.N.C. and Swapo are filled with Commies, or backed by Commies or by U.S.-haters in the United Nations, and therefore have less credibility than the South African briefing officers working for a government that "now appears to be genuinely interested in—." Fill in the rest, as dictated by the requirements of the narrative. For a truly informed and politically literate view, tune in to *South Africa Now*, the independent TV show which on August 4 extended its reach to fifty public stations and a third satellite network.

Alexander Cockburn

CORRECTION

Due to an editing error, a sentence in Paul Mattick Jr.'s July 17 review of *The Image of the Black in Western Art*, by Hugh Honour, was incorrect. The sentence ending the first paragraph on page 98 should have read Honour "compares the Martinicaines in a Gauguin painting to Millet's peasants" rather than "compares the Marquesans" to them.

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please.

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A	N	N	E	L	I	D	■	O	A	T	M	E	A	L
R	■	U	■	I	■	D	■	U	■	E	■	P	■	I
D	O	I	N	G	■	I	M	P	O	R	T	U	N	E
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G	■	E	■	E	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	I	■	P
■	C	O	R	D	O	V	A	N	■	C	A	C	T	I
S	■	L	■	■	■	I	■	O	■	K	■	■	■	T
C	R	O	W	S	N	E	S	T	■	A	N	T	I	C
H	■	G	■	P	■	N	■	H	■	M	■	R	■	H
O	P	I	N	I	O	N	■	I	D	O	L	I	Z	E
O	■	S	■	C	■	A	■	N	■	R	■	P	■	R
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Crossword Puzzle No. 2254

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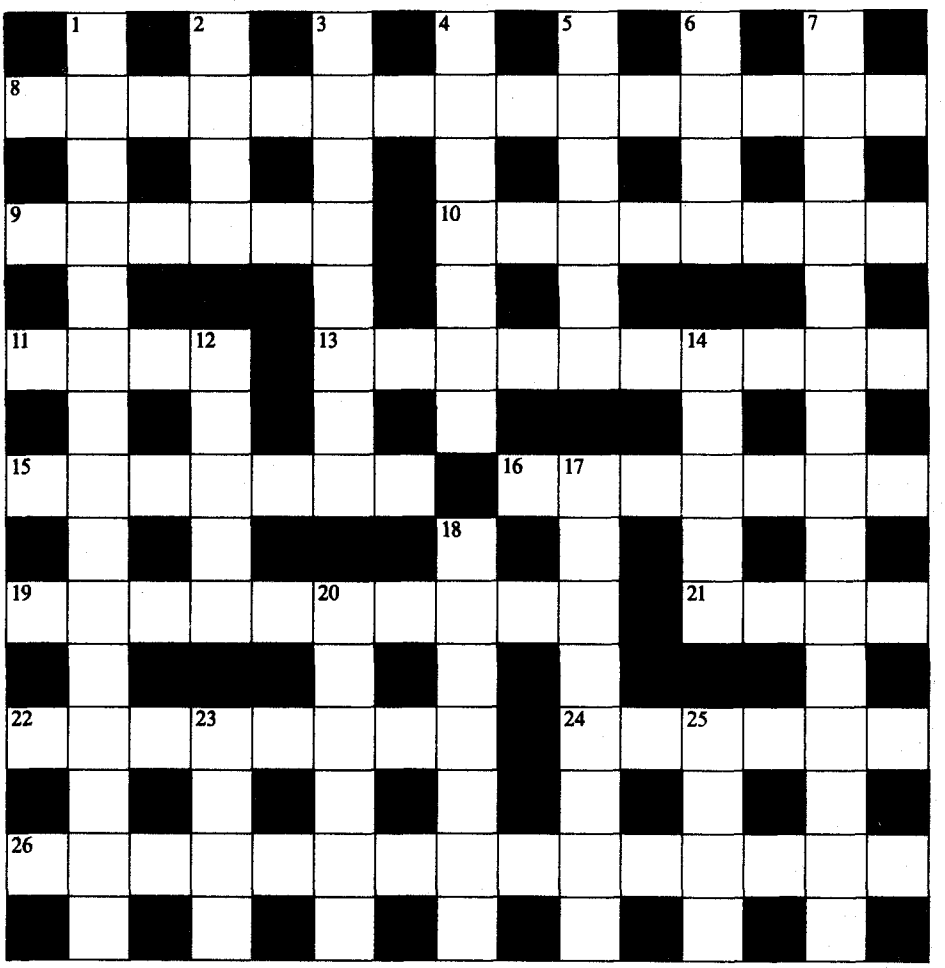

ACROSS

8 Where people phone with a pitch to royalty carries weight, and might have a novel association. (5,10)
9 Something like bread or potatoes might hold the paper together. (6)
10 Sort of bright, i.e., a good sculptor, or goldsmith, or painter. (8)
11 and 2 down Things behind, but on top, will cause a cry of "foul!" when hit (8).
13 Is one in great trouble, when such a gap causes misunderstanding? (10)
15 Article on mehitabel's friend, which needs the application of a ruler. (7)
16 Seafood caught by a sailor all by himself. (7)
19 It could have one initial indication with a circle about one digit. (6,4)
21 See 25 down
22 Walked on by the player? (4,4)
24 A false claim may have a point, but shows ill will. (6)
26 Evidently the sentence carries a lot of weight when this is applied. (5,10)

DOWN

1 North made a bit for the first part, pointed out as being inadvisable as a proper treatment. (15)
2 See 11 across
3 How some lie—on and on! (2,6)
4 Punishment quarters as well as one who might have been put there in the old days. (7)
5 In coming up in a row, this is smaller. (6)
6 and 20 Look longingly on a famous athlete, but founder down in Georgia. (10)
7 Referring to length, mass and time, what a cop on the beat is supposed to do, finishing other than first. (4-5-6)
12 All right coming up, but hurried down with the religious book. (5)
14 It might snatch the game, but card players know it as what they draw from. (5)
17 Rather large with a cloudy situation, but the second mate might not be aboveboard with one. (8)
18 Being explicit, Ron said "This should bear fruit!" (7)
20 See 6 down
23 None of this said to be lost when 24 is shown. (4)
25 and 21 across The quality of an ornamental fabric? Halt with it, possibly. (8)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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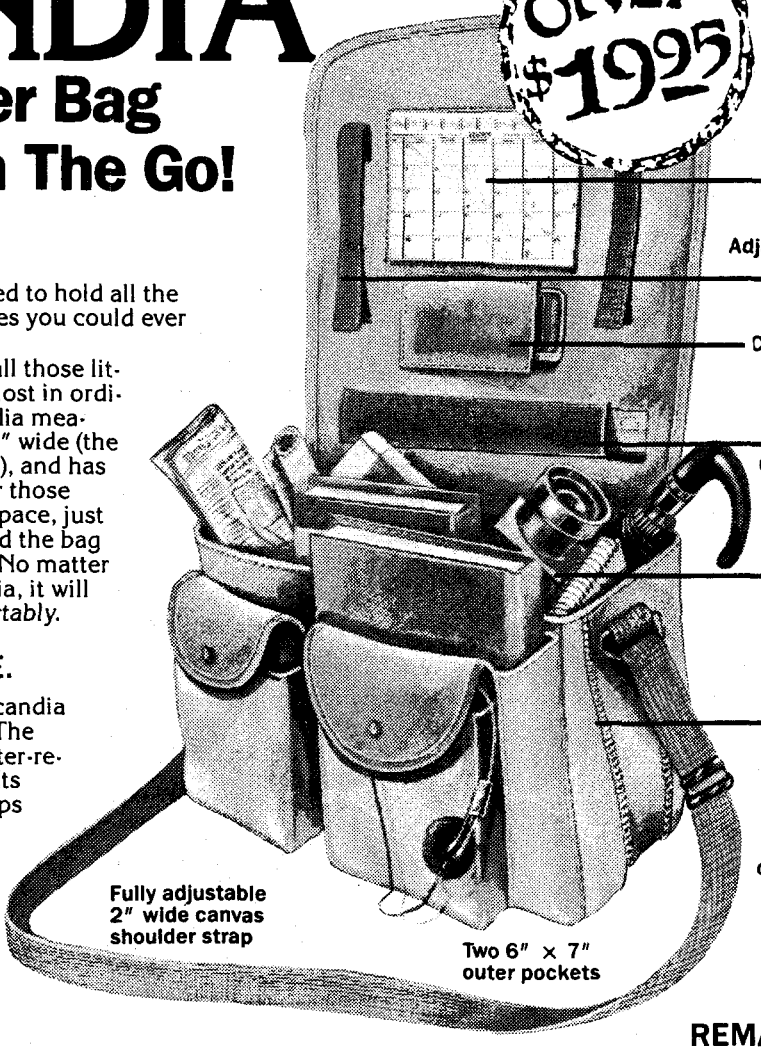
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2 full-depth inner pockets
Zipper lets bag expand to 8" width.
Full Width & depth outside pocket on back
Fully adjustable 2" wide canvas shoulder strap
Two 6" × 7" outer pockets

The Scandia's remarkable design makes it roomy enough to hold all your gear, yet trim enough to carry comfortably.

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There's simply no other shoulder bag that's as lightweight, versatile, stylish, durable and affordable as the Scandia.

If you've shopped around for high-quality shoulder bags, briefcases, and purses, you're probably aware that most of these items cost at least $50. But, because we've made a mass purchase of Scandia bags, we are able to sell them at the remarkably low price of only $19.95 each. Surely, that's a small price to pay for a big capacity, smart-looking bag that will last for years.

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#1377027	BLACK		
#1377019	GRAY		
#1377035	BROWN		
#1377043	KHAKI		
#1377050	BURGUNDY		
	Merchandise Total		
	Add sales tax for deliveries to CT, MA, MN, NJ, NY, PA, & CA(6%)		
	Add $2.50 per bag ordered for shipping & insurance		
	ORDER TOTAL		

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